

M. BEAULIEU

CONNUMERCA ÉTÉ SAISI PAR LA POLICE DE MONTREAL





you and the man

BOOBY-WAH



Don't underestimate your rights with the man because the man is definitely underestimating them. This is a little bundle of legal trinkets for you to display and perhaps sing out when the occasion arises. Just as you need a permit for a musical instrument to wear bells in Venice, California, in Montreal it seems you need a permit to be a human being (this occurrence we have hopefully provided for below). Cops in Montreal do not practice their profession by the code. What they legally do and what they actually do is a wider gap than the "generation gap". The information contained herein is perfectly valid, is backed up by the Criminal Code of Canada and has been checked and confirmed by criminal lawyers, yet when it comes down to the nitty-gritty on the street in front of the Image or L'Oeuf quoting from Logos will only fuck you up for sure. Drop the info, turn on with the rights you have, and when you come down, (when the man approaches you) then realize one thing, he's as down as any cat could ever be. The man is up tight about his authority, up tight about what he has to do every day and most of all up tight about what his uniform forces him into. When another cat is down you don't aggravate his mind. Same with the man. Come on to him like a cop and he will treat you like a cop would. If you somehow can remind him that he's a member of our species then maybe you both can depart preserving each other's own high, your's--a few more feet of free territory and his--the messianic illusion.

Cops are being paid by a soc-

iety that knows you are rejecting its sacred appliances. They use the cops to control your freak. The cops see in you a freedom that they're sole purpose is to "control". You don't wear a uniform. Try not to put a uniform on when a cop comes up to you. Use the information, but don't become a "self-righteous hippie". Be polite and respect the hassles the man has to go through. Understand what you are to him and try to ease the transmission.

First of all, you do not have to answer any questions except if he asks you to justify your presence in the place where you are found. Then answer with a definite purpose: "I am looking for a friend". You do not have to give any other information. However, to satisfy their insatiable appetite for information we have a form below which you can carry with you and show them when they come on you.

When the man arrests you he must verbally justify the reason for the arrest. He must tell you that you are under arrest. You do not have to go with him if he wants to "ask you a few questions". There is no such thing as a 24 hour detention and investigation. You cannot be arrested for suspicion. If you are in a cafe that is being busted and produce the identification form, before they can part you to the station they must place you under arrest or let you go. The following is an example of a "lawful arrest":
Officer: "Come along".
You: "Am I under arrest?"
Officer: "Yes."
You: "What am I charged with?"
Officer: "You're a vagrant" or "That's marijuana you just threw away. I saw you do it."

If the officer doesn't accept your ID form, don't forcibly resist him. Go along with him but tell him that you are being illegally arrested and that you will sue for assault and false imprisonment. Remember, he is just another citizen and is "responsible" before a legal court just as you are. If he does take you to the station, insist upon being allowed to make a phone call and don't answer any questions.

The legal ground relating to search of your person is vague and inexact. It rests upon the premiss of "reasonable and probable grounds" to justify a search. When you are in the street it is best to allow the man to search you if you are in a suspicious context such as sneaking around the Bank of Montreal at 2 am. Standing in front of the Image, having long hair or "looking like the type" doesn't quite make it. It must be reasonable and probable grounds of a specific nature, not just appearance. Tell them they must arrest you before they can search you.

When you are in your room or house, they must have a search warrant or writ of Assistance in order to enter. (A writ of Assistance is a cute little piece of paper used by and only by the R.C.M.P., giving them permission to enter any place in Canada). If they come in without showing either, then it is an illegal entry. Don't barricade the door. Let them come in but phone a lawyer immediately or if you wish, let them search your room. But in this case, it is a stranger not a policeman that is doing so.

Vagrancy is a rather nebulous catch-all charge that the man can always try to use, however

in order to do so you must be "guilty" of three things:

(1) wandering or trespassing: wandering means not having a purpose and trespassing is being on private property.

(2) no apparent means of support - no money, no job, no material goods, no pad.

(3) not being able to justify your presence.

Obviously the hang-up is the second one. If you can show money or tell them you work part time (Perhaps selling Logos?) then you will be alright. Just try to communicate to them that you are doing something. Don't shrug your shoulders or smile beautifully because the man has not turned on to pantomime yet.

If you do get arrested, insist upon a phone call and try to find out what the bail is as soon as possible. If you can't raise the bail through friends or your lawyer phone CONTACT 843-2885 or LOGOS 845-2852. A Civil Liberties Action Committee (CLAC) has been formed to assist young people in their hassles with the man. They will provide the bread for bail through CONTACT or LOGOS.

Finally, don't leave yourself open. You are the enemy. Your long hair and freaky clothes and "abnormal behaviour" qualifies you as "enemy of the state". However, don't let them nail you to the cross. Become more than just a category or a label they point to or throw soap at. Be a mind guerrilla and stone their fragile craniums.

SEE CLASSICIDE ADS - P.22 - FOR IDENTIFICATION FORM.



FEED BACK

Dear Logos:

I recently arrived in Montreal from various points in Western North America and have just finished reading the April edition of your publication.

I must commend you on what I would consider an excellent attempt at attracting the attention of the decidedly immature and the unalterable dull members of the exclusive Under 25 Club.

I would also like to compliment you on the obvious recognition of your intellectual limitations which must have preceded your decision to be unoriginal. I admired, too, your clever avoidance of any test of wit with Mon. Trudeau by simply belittling him as a human being (illustration-----first page). Brilliant, the way you avoided the issues completely!

I am glad to see such a staunch stand against constructive criticism, and such a refreshing show of frivolity which I found throughout your last issue. I believe your literary integrity was greatly heightened

by your diligent avoidance of editorial sensationalism and cliché witicism. It was also enhanced by your purposely heavy use of such nasties as 'fuck' and 'shit' and associated verbs, nouns, and adjectives.

As one of the members of the "Under 25 generation" who finds himself alienated to the bureaucratic "establishment", I would like to say in all sincerity to you of the Logos staff, and to your followers and colleagues; Grow up!

Thank you for your patience.
Richard Streiling,
April 4, 1968

Dear Richard,

Thank you for your copy of the Wizard of Oz.
Logos.

Dear Logos:

In keeping with your ballistically oriented image, and being a shell of my former self after reading this issue, I wish to send a round of applause to the Logos Regulars.

Explosive in content, timely in nature, executed in magnificent style, the no-holds-barred approach of LOGOS gives a revolutionary resuscitation to the Canadian scene. Keep up the good work, men!

Viva Che!
Joan Athey

Mrs. Logos,

Please send me the next 10 issues of Logos. Am very glad to see your paper. When I first saw it I thought it was the "Midnight". You are about the grooviest paper out now in North America.

Thank You,
A.P. Smith
4309 Hamilton
Hyattsville, Md.

Dear Logos,

The State Historical Society of Wisconsin would be grateful to have for its historical collections a copy of the material listed below.

LOGOS: Sample copy.

Sincerely yours,

ACQUISITIONS SECTION

Dear Logos,

God only knows what inspires you to produce such a steady diet of shit. Its worse than your April 6th fiasco. Is this guerilla theatre of the absurd? Dada Power liberated? The prostituted image of instant Marx which you advertize manifests the death of an internal organ, your brains. All I can say is Fuck Logos.

Sarg. Coy
69 Bathtub Lane
Westmount

LOGOS
P.O. Box 782
Montreal 3, Quebec

Authorized as 2nd class mail by the Post Office dept. Ottawa. Member of Underground Press Syndicate and Liberation News Service. Published monthly by POLIS Communications Unlimited, phone no. 845-2852. Owners and editors Paul Kirby and Rob Kelder. Sorry for the delay folks; our excuse is on page 3. For a close look at the masthead behind this issue turn to the centerpage. We're suitable for framing.

STAGS

SIR JOHN THE SINCERE WAS NEAR WALKING IN THE FOREST SEARCHING FOR THE KINGDOM OF GOD IN MANY COLORS HE ESPIED A PLUMP DESIRABLE CROONING UNTENABLY FOR HER LOST O

FORTUITOUS JOURNEY HE SCOFFED WILL YOU COME AND LIE WITH ME UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE REMARKED SIR JOHN ABRUPTLY CHANGING TENSE I HAVE VAGUE MISGIVINGS SHE DEMURRED WITH VAGUE MISGIVINGS I HAVE BEEN DUPED INTO HIDING BY A CONNIVING CIRCUMCISION I WILL SOON EXHUME MYSELF HE SAID SHYLY AND THERE WILL THEN BE NO LOOPHOLE IN MY HONESTY NO I EXPECT NOT SHE RETORTED GLUMLY MY NAME IS VASTLY UNDERRATED WILL YOU NOW PLEASE BEGIN THE QUEST OF SLOW SEDUCATION MILADY FAIR I AM GOING TO WHISPER CONFIDENTIALLY WILL YOU GIVE ME A CLICHE WHATEVER SHALL I DO SHE CAJOLED EXPOSING HER SENSITIVE CLITORIS I DO NOT KNOW WHAT SYNECDOCHE IS I DO NOT KNOW WHAT THE POPULATION OF WYOMING IS I CANNOT RECITE THE NICENE CREED EXPEDITIOUSLY SIR JOHN RENT HIS GARMENTS AND SPOKE MY CLEVERNESS MAKES ME OBSERVE THAT YOU NEED NOT FEAR THAT YOU ARE A PASSING FAIR PASSING BUXOM LASS AND THIS EASILY COMPENSATES FOR YOUR REGRETABLE SHORT COMINGS BUT AS FOR YOUR FUTURE LEAVE YOUR SNOWY HILLOCKS AND RIPE BREASTS AND FIRM BUTTOCKS AND SMOOTH FLANKS IN MY CULTURED ENVIRONMENT AND I WILL OPEN UP THE EVERLASTING DOORS MUST I ALWAYS STRIVE FOR PERFECTION MOANED VASTLY UNDERRATED I AM SO ALONE AT MY FATHERS HOUSE THERE ARE MANY SERVANTS SLEEPING TAUT IN READY OBSEQUIOUSNESS TO DO MY BEGGING AND I MAY RIDE THROUGH THE PASTORAL SCENE THE FACE WHICH RURAL SOLITUDE MIGHT HEAR AND NOT WITH A CLARION CRY ON THE DISTAFF SIDE WHAT THE SPOUSE OF AN UNENLIGHTENED SWAIN MIGHT FRY IN ANCIENT GREASE AND IT MIGHT GIVE HER PAUSE TO ASK IF THERE IS SOME MISTAKE NOW CORRECTED SIR JOHN SOOTHINGLY BE NOT TOO UNCTUOUS RESPECT YOUR ELDERS DO GOOD TO THOSE WHO HATE YOU THE MALAIS YOU ARE IN MY CHILD IS NOT SO GREAT THAT IT CANNOT BE GOTTEN OUT OF WITH THE WARM PRESSURE OF MY FERVID SPLAYED FINGERS RUBBING BACK AND FORTH ACROSS YOUR RESPONSIBLE NIPPLE FOR IN THESE HOMELY HOURS ARE MADE THE MOST CONVIVIAL ADVANCES AND IN THE SPLENDIFEROUS MOMENT MIGHT THE MOST AVUNCULAR MAN CLOSELY COUNSEL HIS PALE VIRGIN NIECE FEAR NOT FOR THOU ART WITH ME IT IS ALL TOO MUCH LIKE A DREAM THE DAMSEL VASTLY UNDERRATED MURMURED LOW THE POPPIES FUME HAS LULLED ME IN A SOFT SLEEP BUT TO BE AWAKENED IN SUCH AN UNORTHODOX WAY BETWEEN MY WHITE SLEEK LEGS I FEEL THE TURGID CUMBERSOME MEMBER OF SIR JOHN MOVING AND FUCKING AND I REMEMBER TWAS BUT A SHORT WHILE AGO I FONDLED IT AS IT LAY KINETIC AND OBTRUSIVE IN MY HAND O IRRADIATIVE JEWEL THE INEFFABLE DELIGHT OF YOUR HOT OBDURATE MEMBER ON MY WET INQUISITIVE TONGUE WITH SLIDING MOVEMENT OF MY SWEET DESPERATE LIPS I TIMOROUSLY HOPE MY LORD THAT YOU DO NOT THINK ME PROMISCUOUS NEVER MY DARLING DAUGHTER COULD I OH FIND YOU PROMISCUOUS BUT RATHER INGENUOUS AND ENCHANTING PROUDLY I TELL YOU THERE EXISTS NO FINER WAY TO ENHANCE THIS TENEBROUS VILLATIC SETTING THAT WITH THE TENDER MINISTRATIONS OF YOUR EXQUISITE TONGUE AND UNCLOYING PUDENDUM HAS IT NOT BEEN INSTRUCTIVE EDIFYING AND SPECIALLY NUTRITIOUS WHEN YOU IN WANTON EAGERNESS SWALLOWED THE TASTEFUL PUISSANT PROTEIN WILL MY ONLY LOVE HEAR MY ENTREATY WHICH I EXTEND HUMBLY THAT SHE RETURN HERE TOMORROW EVE SO I MAY WORSHIP HER GIRLISH CHARMS SAID SIR JOHN SNEERING COVERTLY BEHIND HIS IMPECCABLE GLOVE THE QUESTION WHICH ARISES IN MY MIND THE SHIVERING NAKED GIRL SHREWDLY REPLIED SINCE YOU WITH PASSION AND EXPERTISE DID CLEANLY REMOVE THE LOATHSOME STONE FROM THE REDOLENT SACRED CAVERN I MUST BE TRULY GRATEFUL FOR THIS MARVELOUS RESURRECTION BUT EQUITY DICTATES THAT NO ONE MAN SHALL TOO LARGELY BENEFIT FROM THE STARTLING BRILLIANCE OF RENASCENT FEMININE FAVOR EVEN CONSIDERING YOUR ARDOR AND EXCRUCIATING DEXTERITY MY PLEASANT GIFT IS IN THE POSSESSION OF ALL MEN AND I SHALL WITH FEBRILE DISPATCH SATE AND ENCOURAGE ADORED AND ADORING ENGAGING IN REQUITTED LONGING FOR THE HUGE SWAINS DISTENDED MEMBERS EMBELLISHED BY GREASE ANTICIPATING THE YEARNING ANUS OF VASTLY UNDERRATED.

(LNS)

SINCE

MICROCOMICS PRESENTS

AS WE ZOOM IN ON OUR HEAD HE HAS JUST SWALLOWED THE MAGNET BALL THAT GIVES HIM THE POWER OF TERMINAL SENSIBILITY. YOU WILL REMEMBER LAST TIME IT NEEDED HORRIBLE LIFE ON THE THIRD SURFET OF THIS SYSTEM POSSIBLY THE "GARDEN EARTH" OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

IT IS THE ONLY EXAMINATION THE FIRST QUESTION STOPS US "WHAT ARE YOU?" THIS COMIC CANNOT ANSWER THAT QUESTION.

APPARENTLY NONE OF THE CREATURES HAD ANY REAL INTELLIGENCE.

WELL THEY TOOK ME ON ONE OF THE MOST FANTASTIC WE EVER HAVE.

WE LANDED IN THE AFTERNOON AND BEGAN OUR FIRST CAUTIOUS EXPLORATION. WE NAMED PLANET "HEY GIRLS".

SMALL ONE SEEK PEACE MUST GO FAR.

JUST HERE IN THE FUTURE LEVEL.

WERE YOU PERHAPS REPELLED BY THE FOREST OF WORDS I SET BEFORE YOU? WELL SOMETHING WAS NEEDED TO FILL YOUR MIND.

NAME

SHORTLY AFTER DAWN WE COULD NOT FAIL TO NOTICE THE UNDENIABLE PRESENCE OF GOD.

ALTHOUGH IT IS TRUE THAT HIS VOLUNTARY WAS OFFSET BY A COLLECTION OF VIRGIN THINGS WHO IS TO SAY WE WERE NOT TO HIM.

OUR NATIVE GUIDE MADE GOOD TIME IN THE MOUNTAINS OF INFORMATION SPEAKING EASILY AND QUICKLY.

WE LANDED AND AT THE UNFINISHED FISH AND WERE PLACED TO COURT BY THEM IN THESE.

WHEN WE GOT TO CAND AND WE WERE WOULD TO BE WASTED.

RESEARCHER WAS GIVEN A REGION DURING WHICH OVERWORK AND SLEEP.

ENDLESSLY?

THANK YOU FOR YOUR ATTENTION AND ALL THE GENTLE PERSONAL GIFTS YOU GAVE TO ME.

AND YOU TANTALIZE ME.

THOUGH I ADMIT THAT YOU'RE NOT TO BLAME, STILL THAT LEAVES ME A BURDEN THAT ONLY TRICKLES AWAY.

IT AINT FAIR COULDPLAY.

THE ALBERTO DEBERT WERE YOUNG AND FOLLOWED US EVERYWHERE.

GOD AND THE FALSE WITNESS

PEENUTS

Featuring **CRUCIFIXION** of **SNOOPY**

SIGN FIRST TIME ON ACID

Boy, this night's beautiful

Why doesn't the world turn on

Will I merely be another sob symbol

No he's the new me

Why acid

How did it

I hate you Snoopy

How far

I AM AN ACID FREAK

SNOOPY YOUR A DISGRACE TO OUR SOCIETY

Acid is the head

ARE THESE MY FRIENDS

Timothy Lenny Have I failed you



LOGOS 4, THE MAN 16

On the record: Between April 3 and May 8 of this year "Year of Heroic Guerilla Fighters" twenty LOGOS street vendors were arrested by Montreal Police and charged with selling newspapers without a license under by-law 333 section 3.

Section 3. — It shall be unlawful for any person, syndicate, company or corporation whatsoever to traffic in, exhibit, sell, offer or expose for sale tickets of any kind, including passage tickets for street railway cars, automobiles or any other vehicles whatsoever, books, circulars, pamphlets, or any kind of articles, goods or merchandise in any street, lane, highway or public place in the said city, unless in virtue of a license granted under a by-law of the said city.

All were liberated on \$25 bail, except three "juveniles" who were sent home with a summons to appear in juvenile court. About 500 copies of LOGOS were confiscated and are still in police hands. On April 4 and 5 four of us pleaded not guilty in preliminary court on the strength of by-law 2820 section 10.

SECTION 11

Peddler, canvasser, or person carrying on business in streets.

By-law concerning special or personal taxes levied as permits or licenses.

The above mentioned terms do not apply to bakers distributing bread or bread and cakes, to ice merchants delivering ice only to their customers, to persons selling or delivering their goods for resale to business houses, to milkmen distributing only milk, cream or other dairy produce or eggs, to commercial travellers, to newspaper vendors.

At our trial in municipal court on April 11 the Honourable Mr. Justice Lachapelle rejected the charges for lack of evidence without the necessity of our making a defense. A week later City Hall recieved a registered

letter from our lawyer Richard Gottlieb advising that we were instituting proceedings for false detentions and arrests unless satisfactory settlements were made within one month—including the immediate return of the confiscated copies. Saga reads on. April 16 in front of the Paul Sauve arena (see our review of "THE CREAM" on page 21) 11 arrests. Same program, same station. April 18, four more. One of the police reports noted that we were dressed in, and I quote "strange and improper ways". By this time more than \$400 was tied up in the bail money and we all looked like skeletons due to lack of sleep and an overdose of seeing prison bars, courtrooms and little men in blue uniforms.

At our second trial on April 24, the judge wanted our defense in writing. It was submitted on May 11 and he will pronounce his judgement on June 3. If we lose we will take the case to Superior Court; if that fails, the Supreme Court.

Off the record: The issue before the court is an important one. It will determine once and for all whether there exists a double standard in law as far as selling newspapers is concerned. The Gazette, The Montreal Star, Montreal Matin and other establishment papers are being sold on the streets every day, whereas in the past the City has arrested people selling Quebec Libre, L'Independance and Combat, and all but squashed their street sales, if not their existence. One exception is the Watchtower, the organ of the Jehovah's Witnesses. Some 1200 actions by the City against them have not resulted in a single conviction. Their case reached the Supreme Court who ruled that they were legally entitled to sell on the streets, where you can still occasionally see them. Brave old souls preparing us for the next world.

Why not sell in newstands and kiosks? We do in a few, but most

are controlled by big news agencies, and many refuse to stock us. "There is no demand for LOGOS; it's obscene, I might get dragged into court by the Morality Squad; Some of my customers don't like it," etc., they say as their newstands are packed with Allo Police, Midnight, Stag and more. Street sales are our only recourse and account for more than half our sales. They also provide many of our people with a source of income (10¢ a copy).

Besides streets are not only ways of getting from one commercial shop to another, streets are avenues, age old, for public debate, theatre, music and discussion.

Way off the record: Underground press, guerrilla theatre, rock music is where it's at. Long hair. Outrageous attacks on liberal formalities and rotten myths. We have to create new ones. Love-ins in cemeteries; extreme affirmations of life in the only places where you can still enjoy some peace & quiet. Society respects the dead. Our message is life. Convert it into a medium that really communicates. The revolution is in that medium. Sitting at this desk spewing out words like love, freedom and community is a waste of time and type ribbon if they don't lead to the real thing. So read between the words and look for the unprintable and invisible. Articles are contradictions in terms. Whatever you print is obscene or nothing is. That is why people uptight about "obscenities" in the Underground Press should question print, not obscenity.

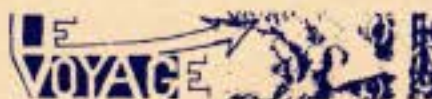
Baltimore's the News American headline: "YANKS BEAT OFF ATTACK BY DOPE-CRAZED CONG." Ink is obscene so blacken the censors forever.

Head line in Montreal's La Presse: "MONTREAL CAPITALE 'HIPPIE.'" Reassurances from police sources that they have the situation well under control. After all what is 10 or 20,000 hippies. They're non-violent love children walking around with flowers and beautiful smiles on their faces. Aren't they? A few days ago two of us took to the streets and dodging cops by stepping inside stores sold about sixty LOGOS. (Buy your copy of LOGOS before I get arrested). Walking west along one-way east St. Catherine's so those blue and white fords with the red nipple on the top could be spotted. An old tactic. You can sell anywhere; the enemy can't be everywhere. Passing the Bank of Montreal near Drummond, I saw the cops grab a youth and pull him in a patrol car. I went to the car window and shouted: "Hey man, are you under arrest?" He shrugged his shoulders. The fuzz growled: "You wanna come along?" A small crowd had gathered. One bystander said that the guy was merely standing there. A few weeks before that a couple of people were hauled in and had their hair cut free of charge.

We need money for defence, offense and bail, very possibly your bail. We are organizing a benefit for this hippy-ghetto. We must exhaust legal means to counter this harassment. If that doesn't work, we'll find others.

R.K.

SEND BREAD FOR THE LOGOS AND COMMUNITY OFFENSE FUND TO: LOGOS P.O. Box 782, Montreal 3, Quebec.



The first French North American underground paper ("journal de contestation") LE VOYAGE published and printed in Montreal hit the streets earlier this month. No one has as yet been arrested for selling them.

People wanting subscriptions should send \$2.00 for 10 issues or \$5.00 for 25 to "Le Voyage" P.O. Box 782 Montreal 3, Quebec.

what is this (LNS)?

The underground, the free, the independent press is growing at a phenomenal rate. Three years ago there were only half a dozen regular publications which were independent of the commercial media-military-industrial-governmental complex. Now there are about 150 such papers, most of them local papers started by people who got tired of having to rely on the daily papers, and new papers are born every week.

Liberation News Service, and its parent, The New Media Project, are a product of and contributor to that growth. LNS attempts to provide services which couldn't be obtained by any single paper but are increasingly vital as more and more people come to depend on the free press. LNS has rapidly expanded to meet the requests and needs of the member papers. From a weekly mailed service last September, LNS has become a three-times weekly mailing of a wide variety of stories, essays and poems written by friends all over the U.S. and around the world and selectively gathered from the member papers and a wide variety of other publications. A photo service and cartoon service have been added, as have advertising assistance, reprint series and national lecture tours. All this means that LNS is able to help new papers get started, and new papers have been the backbone of LNS's steady growth from ten to fifty to 300 newspapers. In addition to underground papers, Magazines, radio stations, a handful of daily papers, and papers in Latin America, Canada and Europe. LNS is allied with various other news services, including the Student Communications Network; Presse Etudiante Nationale, in Montreal; Aframerican News Service, in SNCC's Atlanta office; and the European News Service, in London.

The eventual goal of The New Media Project is to make it no longer necessary for Americans to rely on UPI; to create a full and independent communications system for the new American society. To do this means to experiment with all levels and types of communication and to support those who do experiment and innovate in newspapers, magazines, television, radio, movies, and newsreels, teleprinters and guerilla news theaters, etc. it also means providing an open system of training and recruitment to bring new people in, and The Project will run an underground papers. The estimated American readership and listening audience of LNS member publications is now over 5,000,000, and the vast potential of new media like television are just beginning to be explored.

The communication of ideas, events, realities and consciousness is too important a function to be left to the government and the big media. What are needed are hundreds of community-based and community-supporting institutions built by creative souls who are carving out and living new life style at the same time as they edit, write, draw and photograph. The Project is a national clearinghouse which hopes to help these people in any way it can.



CFOX is the plastic inevitable. Canned music, capsule news, plastic disc jockeys and mind-killing jingles and commercials. All designed not to disturb your mind in the slightest, but to lull you into the vinyl "now-crowd" world of push-button mind stroking.

CFOX is the logical extension of a plastic society. It is ordered, structured, and made marketable with a clean, shiny image. It is like cotton-candy: flossy, puffed up with hot air, sticky, sweet, but without the slightest substance. After you've experienced it, you're left with nothing but a vaguely saccharine taste in the back of your mind.

The only problem with the "good-guy" world of make-believe substance is that all of us out here aren't as lame as you guys are. We're sick of the steady diet of shit you keep throwing at us. We want some apologies and some fast changes.

We demand an apology for the Cream fiasco. Or shouldn't we bring up this painful subject? Why didn't any of the CFOX disc jockeys tell the audience the show wasn't going to go on? They knew about it long before the last moment. The audience had paid \$4.00 to see the Cream and a host of undistinguishable supporting acts. Why did you stall half-way through the evening before spilling the beans?

After the show was cancelled and the kids didn't riot like you and the cops were so afraid they would, why was it so hard for us to get our money back?

We demand an apology for that little piece of coloured floss you publish in paper form, called CFOX Beat. In actuality, CFOX has nothing to do with Beat except that they purchase the rights to use their station call letters on the masthead and advertise on the centre spread. The magazine itself is a syndicated, synthesized piece of gorp that doesn't give a bit of news about what's happening on the Montreal scene.

Most important, we demand an apology for the mind-killing garbage you continually vomit over the radio that passes for a rock station.



by Aaron Howard

It's obvious that CFOX-owner Gordon Sinclair runs the station to make as much money from it as he can. He obviously doesn't care or doesn't know a thing about aesthetics.

In his search to make money, Sinclair has tried almost every type of canned format on his station from Country and Western on up. Nothing worked because CFOX was still DEAD LAST in the old Montreal Radio Ratings.

So Gordy decided to resort to rock music during prime times. Much to his amazement, a host of young people start listening to his station. Gordy gets a dj from England because everything from England happens to be pretty hip at this time. His name is Roger Scott and he happens to have the slightest bit of musical taste. He becomes one of those "highly identifiable air personalities" as they say in the trade journals. CFOX begins to mold everybody into another plastic Roger Scott thereby "promoting the station's image" and obtaining an "easily recognizable sound."

They all smile, blatt like sexless, unimaginative, professionals, and become the good guy "now crowd." No matter what time of the day you turn on your radio to 1470, you'll hear the same emotionless voice, selling the same soft drink, acne remover, hair spray, playing the same selection of tunes from a carefully restricted playlist.

It is life-killing because it has no emotion, no sincerity, no honesty and no imagination.

It is plastic radio. It is endless background noise served up to portable radios filling in silence with something familiar either on a Sunday afternoon up on the mountain or a Friday night scene in your Dad's station-wagon back seat.

No longer do you need live disc jockeys. Just insert a tape cartridge of Dean Hagopian into a tape deck and you can't tell the plastic one from the real one because it's the same diet of shit.

Some questions to you dj's... remember the scene at the Paul Sauve Arena after the Soft Machine had just finished blowing everybody's minds with some very powerful sounds? Why did Roger Scott breathlessly croon, "I wish I could play music like that on my show?"

Well, why can't you, Roger? Is it because the CFOX program director has your whole show planned out for you up to the exact moment and all you have to do is initial the log and blatt when it calls for something between a record and a jingle?

Is it because you have a restricted playlist because somebody there at good old Quality records is throwing a nice kick-back to your station?

Is it because the station might lose some money if you played cuts longer than 2 1/2 minutes during prime air time?

Is it because you couldn't recognize quality if it came up to you and shook your hand?

Another scene... Big Daddy Bob Ansell announces over the air that he "can't understand the new Beatles record" and he wishes they'd go back to playing simple music" so most of their old fans could dig them again.

Why can't you understand, realize and play any serious new rock music?

Why don't you take the time to learn something about it?

Do you even realize what anybody over 13 is actually listening to? Don't you realize why albums are outselling singles in many markets? Have you ever

even listened to or read about the new rock music?

And you, Dean Hagopian...are you that smug that you think you can get away with saying you played the entire version of "Light My Fire" and expect people not to realize you still don't know a thing about why Jim Morrison is so popular?

How can you defend your insipid show by pointing out you play Bob Dylan (for the first time) when you still play everything from Bobby Vinton to the Box Tops?

We want some changes. Most of us have already turned off the radio because we can't take your verbal vomit. Young people are boycotting your station in such great numbers it would make your sponsors quake. We can't listen to your garbage anymore.

Start programing albums and singles equally. Phase out singles almost altogether after a while. Select your music on the basis of quality, originality, impact and some sort of taste. Cut out those commercials by making them buy blocks of time. Stop talking and play more music. Start informing your audiences about the music. Play more Canadian groups. Promote shows yourselves instead of sucking off promoters like you have been to this point.

Program groups such as the Moby Grape, the Pink Floyd, Van Dyke Parks, Judy Collins, Richie Havens, the United States of America, Blood Sweat and Tears, the Electric Flag and the Butterfield Blues Band. None of them have ever been heard over your station. Take a leaf from other AM stations like WBL in Boston or FM stations like WNEW-FM in New York.

Arrange interviews with music personalities. Install some kind of feedback system so the young people can tell you what they want to hear. Encourage local groups here in the city. Most important, make radio a creative medium again. At a time when the music is so progressive, radio stations can't stay behind with the same music and concepts that they used five years ago. Otherwise, there'll be nobody left to listen to you.

What?Where?F★k!.....!!!~

Julian Harding & Aaron Howard

The Verdi

The Verdi Cinema is, without a doubt, the best repertory cinema in town. We can hardly remember a program which did not feature either one or two outstanding films. For two films, the price of \$1.50 is quite reasonable.

Although the Verdi never shows first run films, some movies are featured remarkably soon after their premier in the city. Two recent examples have been "How I Won the War" and "Privilege". The successful "Political Week" did a great deal in educating the public to the propaganda value of the cinema.

The selection and coupling of the features bring some of the greatest modern works to Montreal audiences. Our one criticism: surely at the present time it would be a good idea not to sell 7-Up in the lobby.

Elvsee

As with the Verdi, there is rarely a time when at least one

outstanding film is not being shown either in the Salle Resnais or the Salle Eisenstein. The prices have just risen to \$1.75 during the week and \$2 on weekends which is a pity though inevitable.

More than any other cinema in Montreal, the Elvsee takes a great interest in Quebec filmmakers. Features like "Reigne de Jour" and "Kid Sentiment", playing at the moment, are strong indications of the quality and virility of the French-Canadian cinema. Jacques Godbout's "Kid Sentiment" is very Godardian in technique and line of action, but it is strictly derivative of Quebec. Also at present, the excellent "Mon Amour, Mon Amour" is also playing.

Theatre L'Escale

A curious mixture of the affluent and the experimental, the Fillmore and Buckingham Palace, the theater is aboard a boat docked at the foot of McGill Street. It features a bar downstairs and a dining room upstairs complete with white-coated busboys and the whole shtick. Don't bother with supper unless you can really afford it.

The two events which have captured our attention there recently have been the Dominion Drama Festival and les Saltimbanques currently representing Quebec Theater in France with L'Equation Pour un Homme Actuel. The drama festival was uniformly mediocre (at least what we saw of it) and was worthwhile only from the point of watching the Adjudicator, Monique LePage flaunt her circus sized ego.

On the other hand, les Salt-

timbanques were impressive. The light show, done by Pierre Morretti of the NFB was competent. We'd be inclined to say it was excellent only we've just come back from watching some really first-rate light shows in New York and Philadelphia. The dancing was good, if slightly lacking in enthusiasm, the acting, fine. Almost all of the faults lay in the script which was more serious than we could imagine although it did have some humorous moments. We are still trying to find the obscene parts of the production.

Matter of Opinion

Weekend evenings, visitors are provided with live entertainment at \$.75 admission ranging from brilliant to mediocre. The Theatre Zero, a nine group, is often featured and its well worth catching their act.

Lawrence and Chas are affable hosts. Dave does his candle thing, in the window and some beautiful chick weaves on a loom for all to see and buy. Although the place has been decked up a bit to attract the summer tourists, and although it does look a bit commercial, it does not spoil the other qualities of the place.

Cafe Galerie

The other Old Montreal coffee house of note is the Cafe Galerie which is much more European than the Matter of Opinion. A great place which is constantly undergoing physical changes, it weaves a quiet romantic spell for lovers and romanticists.

The New Penelope

As far as coffee houses featuring name entertainment, there is only one that spotlights top English-speaking acts in the

city. Most people have visited, at some time or another, the New Penelope. Visitors always come away with the same comments: the seating is extremely uncomfortable, the place looks like hell and the view is obstructed in many places. Yet the price, usually \$2.50 for a name act, is rather low and it still is the only place in Montreal where you can see these acts in a coffee house atmosphere. While the selection of entertainers seems to be heavily blues oriented, it must be remembered that top psychedelic-rock groups unfortunately price themselves out of coffee-house surroundings.

Cafe Campus

The Cafe Campus, on the other hand, is a slick operation that is actually a bar-restaurant scene more than a coffee house. They feature the best of the Quebec chanteurs and serve up an expensive atmosphere at decent prices. It is heavily U. of Montreal oriented and offers the English-speaking college-age people a good chance to discover their French-speaking counterparts.

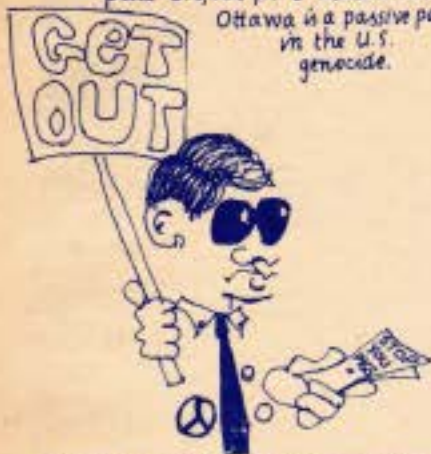
The Image

Cliff Gaze is trying to turn people on to the whole spectrum of underground activities. Right now he's doing so mostly by raping to people and by setting the atmosphere of The Image. In the as near as possible future he plans to set up a theatre in the back room, in which underground movies will be shown, plays can be staged, and rock groups can perform. He also plans to open a boutique in the centre room in which painters, poets, and poster makers can show their wares.



KID SENTIMENT

"What? I don't understand? - I'm coming home from a demonstration. Here look at this pamphlet on Viet Nam. You know Canada has a squadron of planes in South Vietnam for surveillance. Canadian industry is heavily involved in the war front - from Dorothea, Knitting Mills to CIL. Canadian Marconi, for one, sends technicians to South Vietnam to repair radar sets. Look, we even have the number of the contract - # 17014 - each man gets paid \$16,000 for 6 months work. Ottawa is a passive partner in the U.S. genocide."



I don't believe you. How can you stand there and say things like that. Thousands of people are dying, being burnt alive. Millions more are being tortured, both physically and economically by the U.S. Imperialists. The world is in a state of crises. The economic situation, right now, is below depression standards even though we can't see it. We have to do something about it. We have to demonstrate, tell people what is happening. What you want to do is childish and frivolous. The rest of the world is in chaos and you, like a true ego-oriented capitalist, want to have fun. Don't you have any feelings for the rest of humanity?"



Look, I don't know what you're doing at. Demonstrations are not necessarily for communicating information. There is also the element of group solidarity. People are alienated from their society. They are not involved in the productive ends of the society. They cannot control anything. Wars are created by a few stupid people while millions sit & watch it on TV. If we demonstrate, we are all involved in a collective action that confronts the power structure that perpetrates exploitation and colonialism. It develops comradeship. We must place our bodies on the machine. Young people are exploited in the knowledge factories and military industry. We must fight through militant action."



CAN WE GO AND HAVE A 'CUP OF TEA' AND CONTINUE THIS DISCUSSION?



Christ Man, do you ball your sign? You're the "Ladies and Gentlemen" of the Ink Mines. Informed sources, usually unreliable, revealed a reincarnation, breathing new info. The transformer has broken down, your honour. "Iceman" will wait for you forever. Ugly vibrations right here, between your pairs of balls eyes. Man, you are a red STOP sign. Nobody sees the traffic - wondering why they have to stop. Algebra man - too many knowns. We need a sign that says FUN AHEAD and more unknowns. In order to sleep, tie a scarf around your neck, tightly. Prepare for the invasion. It will crawl past your contracts. It will be the Invisible Genocide Man, slower than the blazing speed of a touch."



Mr. Brief, we have holes in our asses. Tripipoo Hm. People are fucked by information everyday. They suffer from acute information. Confusion, confusion. "Fuck it I'll worry about my electric toilet." Reality is protected by electronic sleeping pills. Your demonstration - leisure - one-dimensional bag - man like is saying a human being is an oxygen box - feed it info and ZAP - WALK, RUN, SCREAM, SIT. The straight world is on to you. Let you walk around with your sign - "Mother you see, there really is freedom." Who cares, we do, with a 90 day guarantee. - Lines are made, waves are human. Spontaneity is sports - voyeurism is involvement. Man, let's bring bodies into sport. Make people aware of their heads. "Your head has been programmed for a successful future. Instant sports frolic leads the way in the race for the organic gold."



"Welcome aboard airplane. This is flight 00 of Trans Bourc Cap. You may be surprised and a little bit of about the uncomfortable chairs (designed for us by that Internationally renowned artist, Blotand P. Absurd Jr.). After take-off, you will be allowed to take off your security straps when the red light shows and smoke, speak and shit and if we ignore the commander's speechy voice, be joyful for 3 minutes amongst yourselves. Before the flight is over, you will no doubt, suffer from the nausea of a few air pockets. But don't worry, this plane is guaranteed not to fall even in these frightful vacuum. After all, we are sponsored by Pleasant Man, Sheen Ltd. If any body feels ill from the minimal adhesive effects incurred during flight, a bag will be provided for you. AMEN. Machines should be made to fuck other machines instead of people. Then we can fuck each other. We have to demonstrate for us. We need new comic book series. We are our own flight. Fats Domino and Little Richard are the guerrillas of the air."



YES, AS SOON AS WE GET OUT OF THIS @ NEWSPAPER



This REMARKABLE NEW DISCOVERY makes it possible for you to live, love and work in this insane society. No speeches, peace-rallies or going to meetings. All the beauty of politics with none of the voting. Simply follow the directions.

- 1) Let your hair grow long and natural. When you finally can't see any more or when you begin stepping on it, have your nearest lover, sister or mother cut it. This will foster physical contact and liberate barbers out of existence.
- 2) Get the crease out of your pants and get rid of all your suits and ties. Invest in some comfortable jeans, shirts and sandals. This will instantly identify you as being on the hip side as well as putting all tailors to shame.
- 3) Revolutionize your food-shopping habits. Form food co-ops and buy natural staples -- brown rice, kasha, cracked wheat, soya beans and noodles, brown sugar, etc. -- in quantities. Then eat all together: one big mess. Restaurant entrepreneurs and food-chains will be forced out of business and looting will be exterminated.
- 4) Subscribe and read underground papers such as LOGOS, THE RAT, LOGOS, THE AVATAR, THE GEORGIA STRAIGHT, LE VOYAGE the whole bag of them. If there isn't one in your hometown, START ONE. We started ours with ten bucks. Put yourself and other pushers in freaky costumes and if you get by the police lines, take to the streets and sell out in no time. Then soon we will no longer have to call ourselves Underground and we will bask in beautiful sunshine. Put the "other" press underground. Six feet deep.
- 5) Take your fucking out in public out in the parks. Every-

- where. Liberate love. Mass release of man's vile instincts. This ends prostitution and war.
- 6) Don't pay for anything. Barter in exchange. One joint for a piece of bread or a Piece. A concert for a medical examination. Tit for tat. Eliminate stockbrokers, insurance salesmen pawnshops and bankclerks.
- 7) Get into mime. Body-movement. Sign language is the medium of paradise. Mimic your love. This will remove language and translation hang-ups.
- 8) Grow your own stuff. Help out the starving farmers. Move forward to the earth. Milk your own cows, grow your own grass. Ensure Happiness and togetherness.
- 9) Take the theatre out of the theatre. Down with admissions and those four walls. You are the theatre. An actor wherever you go. Become your own playwright, director, set designer, and write your own scenarios.
- 10) Flatten universities, war depots, department stores, Parliament, and anything that gives you any static.
- 11) Eliminate yourself. Get out and beyond your skin. Vibrate in all directions. Become your own radio station. 24 hours non-stop.
- 12) Do it singly, twoly or in large groups.
- 13) Upon reaching our goal of putting aside the banal existence, forget all these rules up until now and then...
- 14) Come down to our LOGOS office and sell this issue which contains "INSTANT MARX"-you make 10 cents a copy and help spread the word....

DIRECTIONS: Shake well. Apply only to clean-cut, straight and slightly plastic minds. Hold can 12" from surface and apply thin coats with a stroking motion. Allow thirty seconds for drying. Those over thirty may require extra spraying.

CAUTION: CONTENTS FLAMMABLE. IF SWALLOWED TOO BAD. KEEP OUT OF REACH OF COPS, REVISIONISTS AND MOST PARENTS.

Polis Communications Unlimited. Montreal, Quebec.

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PATENT PENDING

Look in the Yellow Pages for the dealer nearest you.

REVELATIONS OF A PROSTITUTE

I can remember my first trick. It was when we were running away from home. I was with my girlfriend. We were hitching a ride from to. This guy he was talking in French with the girl. I couldn't understand what they were saying but it turned out that he was offering quite a bit of money to go to bed with me. I never seen any of that money but I did go to bed with him cause I was scared and it seemed like the easiest thing to do.

I did work with a pimp once when I was seventeen. He was what you'd really call a con-man. Any girl, not just me, any girl would give in to him gladly. He dressed me a little bit and paid my rent but that was about all I ever seen of the money. Oh sure he took me out to a lot of places but it wasn't the same cause I knew I was paying. He dressed a lot on my money but I didn't mind cause I was proud to walk down the street with him. He looked so sharp and all the other girls knew it and wanted him for all they were worth, and I knew this, that's why I gave him everything I had. Everything was fine until he brought me home a dose and then I told him to fuck right off and he took all his clothes that I had paid for and left. Really if a girl is smart she'd never have a pimp to begin with.

One of my girl-friends shit on her pimp once and he got two guys to go up to her apartment and they grabbed her. Well one took her by the hair and the other took her by the hair and they pulled half the hair out of her head in one shot.

admittance

I was in a convent from the age of nine to fourteen and all it did for me was to show me how to live as a lesbian. There was a girl of about seventeen who took advantage of me. We used to meet in the washroom after everybody went to sleep. She used to suck me off and then we'd go back to bed. I had a lot of nightmares then. I can remember one of them. I'd dream about giant nuns who'd chase me with their black uniforms. They'd catch up with me and cover me with their skirts and I'd suffocate.

There was one nun who was always after me. One time she made me clean the sewing room with a needle. I had to scrape out all the dirt from between the floor boards with the needle.

Another time I laughed in her class when she was talking about sex. I thought to myself that she couldn't know anything about it if she never had it. Anyhow the nun locked me up in detention for three days. It was a small room that was very dark and there was only a pot to go to the toilet in. They purposefully brought my meals cold to punish me. I was in there for three days.

When I came out of the convent I went boy crazy but I found that I was so used to having sex with that girl I couldn't be satisfied with boys. So then I turned again to a woman and went with her for six months.

restricted

She was about thirty-five years old and quite a butch. I supported myself by prostitution. I was about sixteen then and I dressed Femm all the time. After I broke off with that woman I turned butch. I got a kick out of pushing guys around. There was a store where all the gay guys and lesbians hung out. Everybody knew it was the place to pick up ass. I was in there once and this straight guy came in. He must have been next door at the show. There was a show next door where they played three movies all day for fifty cents. Anyhow tricks would take you next door into the show cause it was cheaper than a tourist room. You'd sit up near the back and suck him off while the movie was playing. Anyhow this straight guy came in once and started bothering a femm. The femm's butch was in the toilet and when she came out the guy was trying to pick up her girl. She grabbed him around his neck and the guy started to fight back. He shouldn't have fought back cause the butch grabbed a ketchup bottle and smashed it over his head. You couldn't tell the ketchup from the blood.

I did a stag party once. It was for a Jewish boy who was getting married. I was with another girl and they gave us rooms in the hotel where the reception was held. The key to the room was passed around and you had to turn each trick when

they came up. I must have been there from two in the afternoon till five in the morning and had about thirty guys come up. They came in pairs sometimes cause they were young and probably scared.

I was in a restaurant once and the telephone rang in the toilet. When nobody answered I went over and answered. This guy asked for a certain girl and I said she wasn't there so he asked me if I wanted to make some money. I said yes so then he told me to go to a certain telephone booth and leave my panties in a bag on the floor and I'd find some money in the change box. I did this and he paid me thirty dollars each time after. The first time he paid me only ten and told me next time to wear them longer. I knew what he was after and just bought a batch of panties and fixed them up the way he liked.

I had another guy who propositioned me and it turned out he wanted to be beaten. He wanted me to hold him in my arms and rock him like a child and spank him and say things like "Mommy told you not to do that, Mommy's going to spank you hard." He would cry back to me and shake.

Another time I had a guy who wanted me to send him my tampons. He was the only guy who ever paid by the mail. I never met him.

I sometimes think about my past life and I think about the convent and the pot I had to go to the toilet in. I think about the times I went to jail. I think about the car I was driving in and had to go to bed with that man, it seems to be like all of the same jail.

INTERVIEW BY RON HALLIS

iMag

THE BIG BUST ON FRIDAY NIGHT

For a raid it was almost without incident. Efficiency best describes Sargent Perron's incursion into the Image coffee house at 3545A Park Avenue on the fifth of April, a little after 11:00 p.m. All told, some 159 freaks, hippies, artists were suddenly paid an unexpected visit by 20 or 25 uniformed policemen, surrounded and confined within the place, quickly led to waiting paddy wagons, and driven to modern Station House No. 4 at 105 Ontario Street East. And within half-an-hour of the bust, CONTACT went down with two attorneys to help straighten matters out. By six or seven a.m. everyone had either been sent home or released in the custody of their parents if they were 14 years of age or younger. (Montreal has a law which states that youths in this age bracket must be in accompaniment of an adult of 21 years of age or older if out on the streets at night) A few thirteen and fourteen year-old females were escorted home by the S.A.J. - that division of the police department responsible for juveniles.

So why raid the Image? Well, it depends from what philosophic premise you approach that question.... In the eyes of police Captain Ferri at No. 4, the place had been suspect for "abnormal behavior," and Sargent Perron carefully explained how two nights prior to the raid an individual was found to have drugs in his possession in front of the Image. Upon questioning, the person told the police he had obtained these drugs at the

coffee house. In addition, Sargent Perron stated that several complaints were usually registered by neighbours in the period of any given week. Then there are people who, loiter in front of the place, making it difficult for pedestrians to pass by the Image on a Friday or Saturday night. Last but not least is the matter of the Image's license, which for one reason or another has not reached the owners of the place because of red tape involved in its acquisition from the city. The police claimed to have found about \$100's worth of marijuana on the floor seconds after entering the premises. They also found smack and speed. The sargent himself picked up a capsule and showed it to Mr. Cliff Gazé (One of the proprietors) saying it contained heroin.

However, the raid is also the result of the proverbial "generation gap," anxious mothers in N.D.G. who wonder where their daughter is, extremely poor community relations because of equally poor communications between the police, coffee houses and the public in general. The one person (unidentified) who was arraigned for carrying a dangerous weapon in a concealed manner might have other comments to add if he were now available for this purpose. In any event, it is safe to say that the entire episode reflects an incredible amount of naiveté on the part of the police.

The police apparently have little regard and/or understanding for the serious implications of their "routine" raids on coffee houses in this city.

The average policeman appears to "over-play" his role as enforcer of the public's interests - whatever these might be. Although almost everyone questioned in connection with the

raid told of the fair treatment with which they were handled, this reporter experienced overly defensive attitudes from police regarding general questions about the raid. Someone should remind the police that their "up tight" disposition is usually unnecessary when dealing with the so-called hippy. Indeed, it tends to make matters much more complicated, creates tension and arbitrary - if not callous - treatment of civilians. Technically speaking, Sargent Perron might have handed Mr. Gazé his "Missing Person, General Search and Seizure" warrant before police began to file into the place, search the patrons, the back rooms, the kitchen (where the money is sometimes kept), and before lining everyone up against the walls, turning chairs upside down (cutting one open) in search of pills, hashish, heroin etc. And while we are on the subject, it might be appropriate to add that no better facilities exist for some people to meet at present, other than the sidewalks of Park Avenue in the area of Prince Arthur Street West. If the "establishment" doesn't get wise to the difficult situation which now prevails, it had better adjust to more radical behavior on the part of "hippies" in the very near future. The patrons of the Image like the area and its atmosphere, and if anyone is going to "adjust," it will probably have to be a lot of the complaining neighbors and police.

Personally, I should think the raid was "constructive" in the sense that we all hopefully learned a thing or two because of it. Cliff and Sam warn: "Don't traffic your sweets in this place, or else...." Final repercussions (if any) from the establishment (including the cops) remains to be felt....

Constructive suggestions on the part of the SYSTEM remain unlikely (such as legalization of marijuana).

For an isolated event, the big bust on a Friday night was unsensational. The humans detained at Station 4 were generally in good spirit although overly tired; they gave their patient cooperation, citing names (their own), ages, addresses, showing i.d.'s, etc. This, despite unspecified detention in long, sterile corridors, being led in groups of threes and fives to individual rooms for careful questioning, having been separated according to their sexual genre. The one item in my report which made the long night more interesting was the alleged story of how one nark mistook some rat excrement for hash or something like it. The little brown cluster was found in one cat's pocket. The kid was questioned about it. He explained how he kept this rat for a pet and all and the nark wouldn't believe him, see? So the nark took a match to the substance and was very dismayed at the smell of the stuff. It was only rat shit!

Jurgen Dankwort



BY JERRY BORNSTEIN

April 7th, the "official" day of mourning for Martin Luther King Jr., last proponent of non-violent struggle for black freedom in America. A little old white man with a black cane bumped into one of four young, upset, angry black youths, all wearing black arm bands in memory of the slain king. There were words, inaudible to passersby. The little old white man raised his cane and shouted at the blacks: "Where do you think you are? This isn't Detroit, you know!" Passersby stopped. "Shut-up you fucking white bastard!"

White observers, including myself, were shook up and stunned - this isn't Detroit or Newark or Kansas City. It isn't even "America". It is Montreal. The black youths moved quickly along St. Catherine. The honkies on the corner tried to remember if they had ever heard "fucking white bastards" in Montreal before. The little old white man scurried off in the other direction, fearful perhaps that he might be wrong, that this might be Detroit.

Montreal's small black community, estimated at from 4,000 to 8,000 souls, is waking up. In late March, some 50 to 75 marched on the American Consulate in support of H. Rap Brown, SNCC chairman, who has been imprisoned since February on

listening to a militant speech, chanting FREEDOM NOW on the news that night, and it was happening in Montreal.

Things in the U.S. are different, it's true. While black people here marched and chanted, in the States, black people bombed, looted and sniped in 115 cities. No one in Montreal rapped like Stokely: "... (blacks should) take as many white people with them as they can. We die every day. We die in Vietnam for the honkies. Why don't we come home and die in the streets for our people? We die everyday. We die cutting and fighting each other inside our own communities. We cut and fight and kill each other off. Let's kill off our real enemies!"



trumped-up charges with bail set at practically \$80,000. Then, in April, white America killed Martin Luther King, and seemingly from no where, 2,500 people, at least 2,000 of them black, marched to Dominion Square for a memorial rally.

"It wasn't supposed to be political, really," said one American black temporarily in Canada "but you can't get 2,000 blacks together without it becoming political." The speeches at the rally did not stick to crying and lamenting King's death and praying for deliverance "someday" in the future. Montreal TV viewers saw black demonstrators

Yet the illusion that no "race problem" exists here was shattered. The memorial might be dismissed as just a sentimental out-pouring for a martyred Negro leader, had it not been for the previous militant support of Rap Brown and the speeches at the rally. For months black students at Sir George and McGill have been talking among themselves about black power.

Nobody at the McGill Union thought anything of all those black guys, sitting 9 or 10 at a table in the coffee shop each day. Now, people may begin to wonder what ideas are brewing in these little discussion groups.

MEN OF COLOR

To Arms! To Arms!

NOW OR NEVER

Up until now, white Montreal saw no race problem because it saw no blacks. Well-meaning whites will now discover what Stokely calls "the all pervasiveness of racism in society". Some will discover their own guilt.

When I told a white leftwing student activist at McGill that I was writing a story for Logos on black people in Montreal, he thought it was a damn stupid idea. "Why don't you write about white people and how they should cope with their problems. Stuff about blacks is okay in American cities, but..." I told him some facts---like the Québécois woman, married to a black man, mother of two kids who tried to get lodgings for the night, and was refused at eight different hotels and rooming houses last October (Montreal Star-Oct. 18). Or that until a few years ago, blacks couldn't get jobs as taxi drivers in this city of Man and His World. Even today the few black cabbies report that at least two or three times each month, some white person who hails a cab, refused to get in when he discovered the driver is black. Or that Royal Arthur School, where half the students are black, is one of the worst in Montreal, with high ratings in lack of facilities, reading retardation, drop-out rate, etc. Or that the average income of the wealthiest black is only half that of the average of the city as a whole. (\$400 in St. Joseph, \$500 in Ste. Camille, & \$1000 in St. Henri.) "Gee", said the well-meaning white activist, "I didn't know that."

The problems black militants face in organizing are great. Until very recently, almost 70% of the blacks lived in the area bound by Windsor on the East, Atwater on the West between St. Antoine and Notre Dame. Montreal's ghetto, however, was not black. Of the total population of the area described, 70% were impoverished French-Canadians. A white-black ghetto, you will admit, can present problems for black ethnic organizing and solidarity. To make sure that the local "niggers" wouldn't get out of hand, the Man decided to disperse them even more and borrow-

ed a favorite American method, Negro Removal, usually called Urban Renewal in genteel circles. They ripped down large sections of the area, displacing the local residents to who-knows-where in order to build a roadway and other such modern innovations.

An added problem the blacks face is establishing rapport with the Québec separatist movement: many of the black activists are Marxist in outlook and seem rather reluctant to support the separatist movement which has capitalistic overtones. This indicates a lack of direct knowledge of where Québec activists are at. René Lévesque sure as hell is no Fidel, but that does not mean that all the Québécois are not revolutionary. The paradox is that many youthful Québec radicals identify with the whole Third World struggle for national liberation and especially with the black militants in the States. Yet there are "whites", and no direct link appears to exist between Québécois & blacks here. A recent article in Parti Pris showed little awareness of any Black movement in Montreal. The author talked only to a Mr. Glyke, the director of a Negro Community Centre, who claimed that everything is okay. A telegram of support for Vallières & Gagnon, declaring solidarity, came from Stokely in Washington, DC (see Logos April 1) not from blacks in Montreal. Perhaps a telegram between the black radicals and the French radicals? Hardly. But communication is necessary between the two, as it is between all levels of "drop-outs".

muckrathershit

ATTENTION CLAUDE RYAN:

For our muckraking special of the month we are ascending to the heights of LE DEVOIR, which on Thursday, April 18 published the following poll:

Sondage:

UN: 42 pc
MSA: 20 pc
LIB.: 18 pc
RIN: 8 pc
RN: 2 pc

We have it from reliable informers that the whole thing was a hoax. (The poll made headlines in papers all across Canada). It was a concoction of a stoned journalist who passed it on to a Devoir colleague, who transformed it into print, which is obscene. From our reading of all subsequent LE DEVOIR we have not as yet found a retraction of this joke. Who knows, the independence vote might have been 38%.

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MINOTAUR
BOUTIQUE

TO BE SOLD on board the
Ship *Banc d'Yland*, on tuesday the 6th
of May next, at *Apley Ferry*, a choice
cargo of about 250 fine healthy

NEGROES,
just arrived from the
Windward & Rice Coast.

—The utmost care has
already been taken, and
shall be continued, to keep them free from
the least danger of being infected with the
SMALL-POX, no boat having been on
board, and all other communication with
people from *Charles-Town* prevented.

Aulin, Laurens, & Apley.

A. P. Full one-half of the above Negroes have had the
SMALL-POX in their own Country.

ON LIBERATION

All life that we know follows a certain cycle consisting of beginning, growth, peak point, decline, death and re-birth. Every man during his lifetime plays innumerable games, some overlapping each other. All these games follow the same cycle ascribed to life in general.

ORGASM - derived from sex, fainting, mystical experience, participation in sport, painting, singing, acting, physical violence, war etc. - and the orgasm of death are one and the same thing. During an orgasm as in death man loses himself, he transcends himself and becomes one with ALL. He also breaks through the **PEAK POINT** representing the ultimate in normal tension and reaches the ultimate in relaxation. Man is now ready to begin a new **GAME**, a new struggle for himself, a new attempt to prove himself as an entity separated from the rest of the universe. The life of a man consists, therefore, of a collection of games the purpose of which is to win. The peak point represents victory, followed by the orgasm.

In order that the game follows its natural cycle **FREEDOM** is necessary. When man possesses **LOVE** he has **HOPE** that the peak point and the orgasm will be achieved. He is receiving hope from his surroundings because he possesses love and therefore knows **CHARITY**, the art of giving. He is enjoying life to the fullest. He is emotionally involved. This type of man is a **FREE MAN**.

Man without love, man without hope, man who can not give is not engaged in life. This type of man can not function in society because he is ill and is usually confined to an institution. He lives in the state of **SLAVERY**.

Most men, however, do not live in the ultimate state of freedom or in the ultimate state of slavery, but in between. Possessing little love he has only a small amount of hope for the peak point and the orgasm. He can not receive much, and neither can he give much, and is therefore engaged with life to a very small degree. Not being able to reach the peak point and the orgasm very often he lives in a constant state of **FRUSTRATION**.

Losing faith in his "achieving anything" (orgasm) he becomes **INSECURE**. The insecurity produces **FEAR** (of being frustrated again) as well as lack of bravery, **CONARDLINESS**. He is also always in a high state of **TENSION**. Since the peak point represents the ultimate in **ALIENATION** this type of person is alienated from people most of the time.

He is cut off from the real-life experience. Too long without the orgasm he is frustrated and in "angry search for a fix" - a peak experience and an orgasm that would compensate for all that "terrible" past.

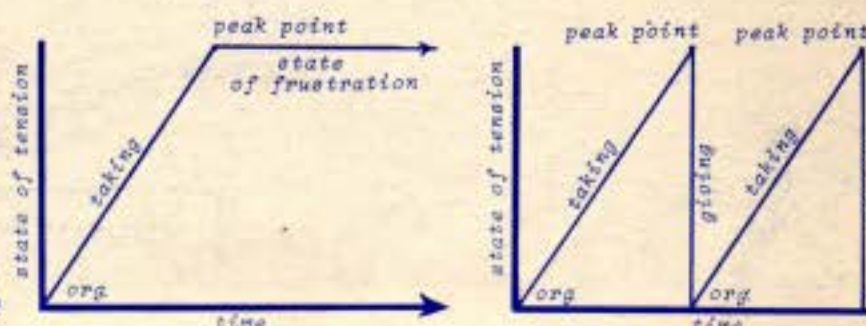
TAKING exists because "I" desires a unity with "non I": emotional involvement, orgasm. This creates tension. Taking can exist because of hope. When hope is constantly frustrated **GIVING** or charity, the orgasm, does not take place. The game must be changed. If the game is not changed the frustration will push an individual or a nation into **CONFLICT**. This conflict fought on a national scale we call war.

When millions of people constantly live in a state of high tension near the peak point, almost never experiencing orgasm, then this state eventually produces an explosion. During this explosion the peak point -orgasm - peak point -orgasm situation continues until the point of compensation for the lack of orgasm in past times is achieved.

When war is fought it is always fought between two opposite yin-yang forces. Viet Nam and Korea represent today the ultimate in the yin force of life. North America represents the ultimate in the yang force of death. It is natural for these two forces to meet.

Freedom is the ultimate condition necessary for man to experience orgasm. One finds freedom by removing slavery. To remove slavery one must know the slavery. Knowing the slavery, the slave equals knowing oneself.

Therefore knowing oneself can be the only way out of frustration, the only way out of conflict and war. Knowing oneself is the key to everything. PHONE 843-6639



LIFE OF AN ENSLAVED MAN

LIFE OF A FREE MAN

THE DEATH OF AN INTERNAL ORGAN

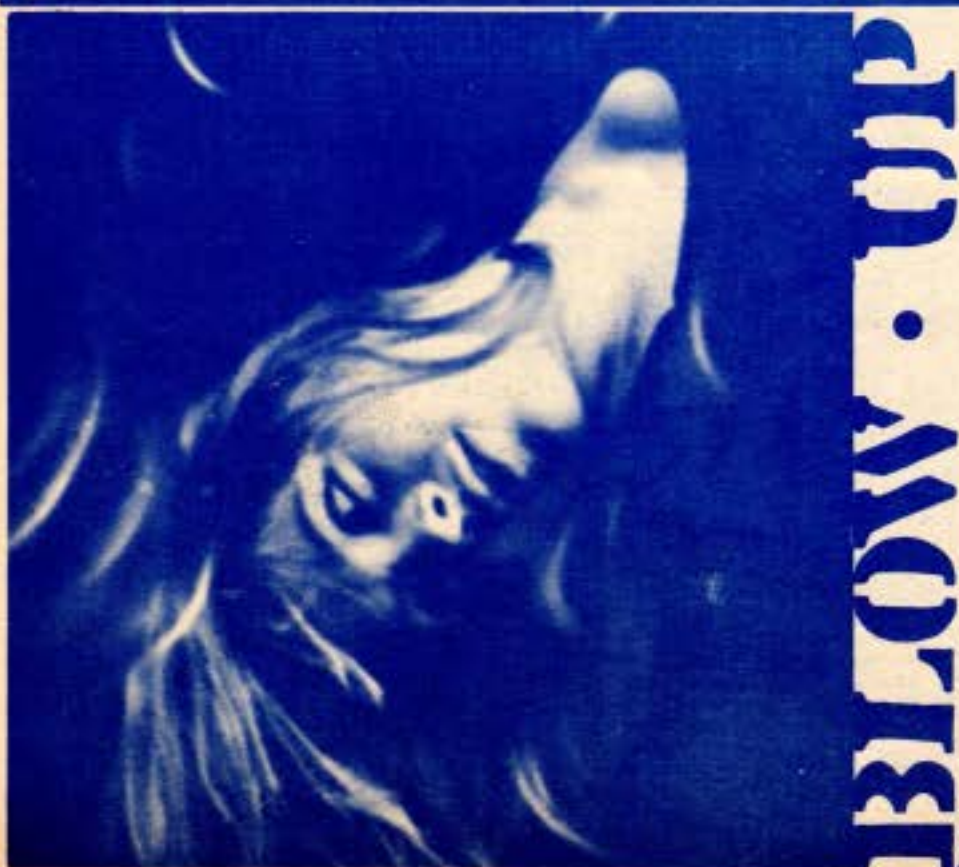
How will Indians enter White civilization? This question, with its assumptions, is still being asked by bureaucrats who make their living from the social inferiority, which has an act of parliament to back it up, from the poverty of a race which has settled like dust on the hard edges of the shiftless mother lode of marginal industrial America. As unselfconscious pacifists, will they be like Indians,.....? East Indians, I mean..Pakistanis, as well, of course. (Except for the Gurkas and the hill tribes, especially the Nepalese, and the Tibetans.) Or as nature worshipping Animists, like the Lapps, the



Upper Class Victorians (and my Mother), or the Australian totemic Clans? Or as the Buffalo Red Death organization, highly secret, para-military, started in small towns out in the Plains then hit the Skid Row ghettos of Winnipeg, Vancouver, and Flin Flon, Man., thrown in jail, among the booted timers of Prince Rupert boozeless Sundays, enfranchised off the reserve to Cordova White Lunch wino; Indians will infiltrate and arm, motor cycles turned in for old Buicks, soggy with heated rides on dirt back roads. With a rebirth of shamanism and witchcraft among the 'Europeans' - their's is a colonial title, but always self-styled, the work translated means something else - turning their computers into images of abstract, real, inexpressible

values; in which case, the Indians would be the rational skeptics, running wild among the puzzled multitudes at will? As ethnic artisans, turning out soapstone ash trays, ivory crib boards, beaded mocassins, bottled wilderness water, canned, moosecalls, the last servant-savage? With the Klondike Indian Association? With the CYC travelling College (teaching Indian culture and history and heroes to Indians - where have all the heroes been for the last hundred years.)? By ferry captain, or mine manager, or government steno, aircraft mechanic even a charter line pilot), cataskinner, bridge engineer or woods boss of a pulp cutting operation - the land is molested by its children - through force of circumstance.

ADRIAN TANNER



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Some new found.
DADA, ART AND ANTI-ART
by Robin Standish (LNS)
Dada, Art and Anti-Art
by Hans Richter (LNS)
paperback \$3.95

Dada represents an unfinished revolution in art, one that our movement artists today are continuing. Dada was a great era when art was an organic part of the artist's life; artists were not afraid to make a statement, they wanted to communicate on vital levels. Art, life, and revolution were united. Dada raises some vital questions not only about art, but about life and revolution.

We who are Movement people following the lead of the anarchists and other decentralists and libertarians, are becoming more and more concerned to live our revolution. We are seeking to build a life which is regenerative before (or at least at the same time as) it is revolutionary, a life which creates the new, in our own lives, while it destroys the decay in society (and in our own lives). Can this be done? Or is a whole, regenerative life antithetical to a struggle for massive social change?

We all know what happened in pre-Nazi Germany. The Dadaists did not prevent Hitler, and neither did they prevent the struggle who withdrew from the struggle both physically and physically to live regenerative lives in rural intentional communities such as the Bruderhof. Yet both groups offer us some clues. Some people are seeking rural communities which will maintain strong ties with the city, with a lot of movement back and forth, as people work in free universities, guerrilla theater, etc. Some will manage to make their peace with the city, finding regenerative lives with or without community. For some people, art offers its own answer. Yea-saying Dada was concerned with the

Shock was one of the favorite devices of anti-art Dada. Works like Duchamp's Bicycle Wheel had an instant impact on the viewer and that was the end of it. Such pieces belong to galleries, not museums, not galleries. Richter is interesting. A museum is to be walked through, but a gallery is to be looked at. There are thousands of pictures in the world, but only a few are worth looking at. Today, galleries are offering the public an opportunity to look at a work of art which is not a work of art. I still think that one person who made a work of art is worth more than thousands who

The question of why audiences clamor for coke-bottle and comic strip "art" is an interesting one. Richter concludes that it is a peculiarly American phenomenon. He quotes Huelsenbeck, who are being used by "sensational" hungry galleries eager for business. Richter adds, "Art in this zero form has taken on a... longer transcendental meaning, no aesthetic." Such art gives in to society. It assumes we are out of control of our lives, that we are incapable of altering a hopeless situation.

"Oh, my!" said Tom one day.

BONDER'S BOOKS

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verdi

MAY 17-18-19-20-21-22-23
THE THIEF OF PARIS
dir. Louis Malle
KING OF HEARTS
dir. Philippe de Broca
MAY 24-25-26-27-28-29
JULES AND JIM
dir. Francois Truffaut
THE 400 BLOWS
dir. Francois Truffaut
MAY 30-31, JUNE 1st
THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS
dir. Roman Polanski
COMING SOON
THE GODDESS
dir. Satyajit Ray
WHOLLY COMMUNION
dir. Peter Whitehead
REPERTORY CINEMA
5380 St. Lawrence Blvd.

Tzara, Huelsenbeck, Arp and several others, originated Dada about 1916. Characteristically, they disagreed actively about the origin of the word "dada." Richter's explanation, the loveliest one, I think, is that it stems from Tzara and Janco's Romanian "da, da," an approving expression that accented their conversations. "This joyous slavic affirmative," says Richter, "seemed wholly appropriate... a powerful reiteration, 'da, da, yes, yes, to life.'"

The anti side of Dada is much better known. Richter says, "Our provocations, demonstrations, and defiance were only a means of arousing the bourgeoisie to rage, and through rage to a shame-faced self-awareness. Our real motive force was not rowdiness, but the question, basic as it is now, 'what next?' Dada had a 'new artistic ethic (which sometimes took) a positive, sometimes a negative form, often appearing as art, and then again as the negation of art, at times deeply moral and at other times totally amoral." No wonder then that Dada had no unified formal characteristics like other styles have.

is the American Playground, which looks promising, particularly now that it has a music director, the young composer James Stepleson, whose best work surpasses that of Kurt Weill. Richter does not mention these artists, or Kenneth Patchen, or even Allen Ginsberg and the rest of the old San Francisco Renaissance. But it will be clear to Richter's readers of Richter's book that these Dadaists were these

yea-saying Dadaists were these artists' antecedents. A fusion, not merely of all ideas, but of all regenerative ideas, was the aim of the Dadaists. Ball tells us in his journal, from which Richter quotes, "Many of our Movement artists when they share Tzara's feeling when he said that 'what interests a Dadaist is the way he himself lives.' They could also say, with Kandinsky (quoted by Richter from Ball's Diary) that they hope 'to bring about a rebirth of society.' Yes! Here is the beginning of an organic life/art/revolution gestalt."

ALCAN HIGHWAY

birth of society. Art of this nature is revolutionary; it gets in people's guts. Art as the communication of life, art as an extension of self to others--art from community in the form of guerrilla theater, music, painting, whatever--such art offers a synthesis of a regenerative life and revolutionary social change. When this happens, we are picking up on the unfinished revolution of Dada. Hans Richter, with Hugo Ball,

Why is this true? Nearly all thinkers and scientists are struggling in shape



TOTOS GRADUATES SPRING



pre drop-out training



the class trip



skubba-dub



at the sock hop



GOD ONLY KNOWS

- OR -
WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO YOU IF YOU TRY
TO PRACTICE WHAT THE ARTICLE
"YOU AND THE MAN" (P.2) PREACHES

BY DON FERGUSON

Eight months ago, and eight days before retiring to become Alberta's - and Canada's - first ombudsman, former RCMP Commissioner George B. McClellan told a police convention in Toronto that Canada's 25,000 policemen are the 'thin line' that stands between the citizens of the country and 'the anarchy we see in so many other places.'

Police and civic officials' acceptance of such a simplistic and incorrect analysis justifies the use of what some people consider "questionable" police practice. It's much easier to jail or punish in some way the perpetrators of crime than to eradicate the conditions that are a cause of crime. Similarly, it is easier to place the blame for social unrest upon 'outside agitators' than to recognize and acknowledge a changing society; it is because of this kind of stupidity and shortsightedness that deviation from the norm is considered a criminal act.

Because they are either ignorant or pig-headed, Montréal civic and police officials condone and encourage policemen to use repressive measures to stomp the "vagaries" of urban life out of existence. How these officials expect suppression to eliminate causes is anybody's guess. The only sure result of suppression is also the final irony: the police themselves become a cause of crime.

In Montréal in recent years, police swinging billy clubs have waded into crowds of anti-war demonstrators, charged on horseback into a peaceful pro-labor demonstration, driven motorcycles into large groups of "loiterers," and clubbed members of a picket line. A specific instance of the municipal government condoning large-scale brutality occurred last year, in May 1967, when Montréal's Krishna Consciousness organized a love-in at Fletcher's Field. Henri Whitmann, an eyewitness, reported in Edge magazine:

'Imagine a Sunday afternoon and a crowd of people in unconventional dress chanting while sitting or dancing, with a milling crowd twice as large in quite conventional dress participating rather passively. We are entitled to ask how much shortwit it takes to turn a peaceful demonstration devoted to the ideals of the brotherhood of man into an outrageous mess of screaming chaos. 'Be it shortwit or sadism, the city police managed to disperse the demonstrators by riding into the crowd on horses, by dragging, shoving, and choking people, by jamming others with motorcycles against walls, blocks away.

When legally constituted authority condones the use of violence to achieve 'law-and-order' (the current euphemism for 'peace') no wonder the use of violence to solve other, smaller conflicts becomes justified in the eyes of many policemen and straights.

Individual policemen, working alone or in small groups, often ignore the law or flaunt it entirely, even as they claim to be enforcing it. It was painfully easy for me to contact people in town who had ugly stories to tell about their experiences with our police. There

are three stories that I'll pass on to you, (hang on, you shall be titillated soon) but before I do, a little side trip.

In November, 1967, when McGill students were sitting-in at H. Locke Robertson's office and the police came to cart them away, a letter appeared in the McGill Daily 'telling it like it was' for the other side. The writer, whose name I can't remember, said that when he was a security guard at expo, he and three or four other guards beat up some visitors on the site just for the hell of it. He explained that after months of answering the same dumb questions, ('the bathrooms are over there'), the hostility boiled over into action one night. He said he couldn't see how it could be any different for policemen, and closed his letter with reference to the manhandled sitters-in: 'Demonstrators, sir, are turkeys. Cops are niggers maybe?'

The first person I talked to was an artist living downtown. About a year ago, on dominion day evening, he and a friend were picked up in front of the American Embassy on MacGregor Avenue, and brought down to station ten. The artist and his friend had gone to the embassy to see when it would be open the next day, but had not realized that dominion day is terrorist day, and anyone around the American Embassy would be suspect.

The friend, who was driving, had forgotten his driver's licence. In the eyes of the police who had swarmed over the embassy grounds the minute the two of them showed up this was very suspicious indeed.

At the station, the police were almost convinced enough to let them go when another officer walked in, carrying a harmless wall clock that had been in the back seat of the car. It was a "bomb!" The bomb squad was called in. Hardly had the bomb squad taken the clock to the lab when the interrogation began. The artist told me he was pushed and shoved, some of his clothing was ripped, and one officer, twice grabbed his balls and held on.

When the questioning was over the artist went upstairs and complained to the detectives. They were apologetic. They said they knew what went on, but that you know, that's the way things are.

The second story goes like this: (choose a name) came home one evening in mid-week. Waiting

for him in his apartment were 2 narcotics agents who told him he was under arrest for a violation of the criminal code specifically that section of it dealing with marijuana offences.

The two policemen launched into a ten-minute long tirade about immorality, hippies, free love, communism, socialism and the new left, and sex and drug in general. They sincerely believed that marijuana was addictive, and that it weakened your moral sense and rotted your brain. This was why they themselves had never tried it.

On the way downtown, they asked him if he wanted to make a deal. They said his file and record would be destroyed if he told them where he bought the stuff. They also suggested that he could buy his freedom for \$1,000. He declined the offer.

Finally, a chic, Cathrine, went down to the cop shop (#10) one night to ask for protection. This cat was harrasing her and she wanted to get the police to do something about it. Well they did. "Of course miss, would you step in here for a minute please." She had to suck off a few of the "boys-in-blue" under threat of sending her to a mental hospital. They even provided a phoney shrink, saying he would authorize her admittance if she didn't do what they wanted. In the next room, the boys were busy polishing the bowling trophies collected in last year's tournaments.

Police are highschool teachers with guns. They do what the school-board wants. And whether they use persuasion, the strap, detention, or electronic teaching aids, their job is to get the message across, to get people to accept it. The question of 'police brutality' can be a red-herring, because it is easy to stop there and probe no further.

It should surprise no one to hear that police can be brutal. If you've never encountered it yourself, or never read a vivid description, then the pseudo-documentary approach probably has some merit in making you aware of the conditions that exist. But hell, our whole society is perverted, not just the man.

If 'police brutality' is yelled loud enough and long enough, the brute police will be replaced by the brain police. The cats in the control tower always have an ear attuned to public relations, and a threat

to them always results in change of some sort. They use the police, as well as us. We are all in the same bag, and the users have their hands on everybody's balls. The police didn't create the slums, the poor, or me. And every time I say, 'the society is wrong' instead of 'the system is wrong' I am playing into the users hands. President Johnson didn't call his program 'The Great System'. Too many people would have thought about a name like that.

If you try to put yourself in the human situation of a cop, much of the unwarranted violence of a cop's life becomes, if not justifiable, at least understandable. Violence is what police are all about. The most a critic can do is blame a man for becoming a cop, but even then the choice might not have been completely his.

Consider: the City of Montréal decides not to eradicate the conditions of crime but to hire more policemen to control crime. Since few men consciously want to be cops, how does the city get them? Simple, they raise the pay, make the job more attractive financially, throw in a pension fund and other fringe benefits. Fifty-four hundred dollars a year basic pay is pretty good money in a town where the average annual income is \$2,900. The city even has a two-man team visit high schools during 'career week' to tell graduating students how noble and prestigious and remunerative it can be to serve society as a policeman.

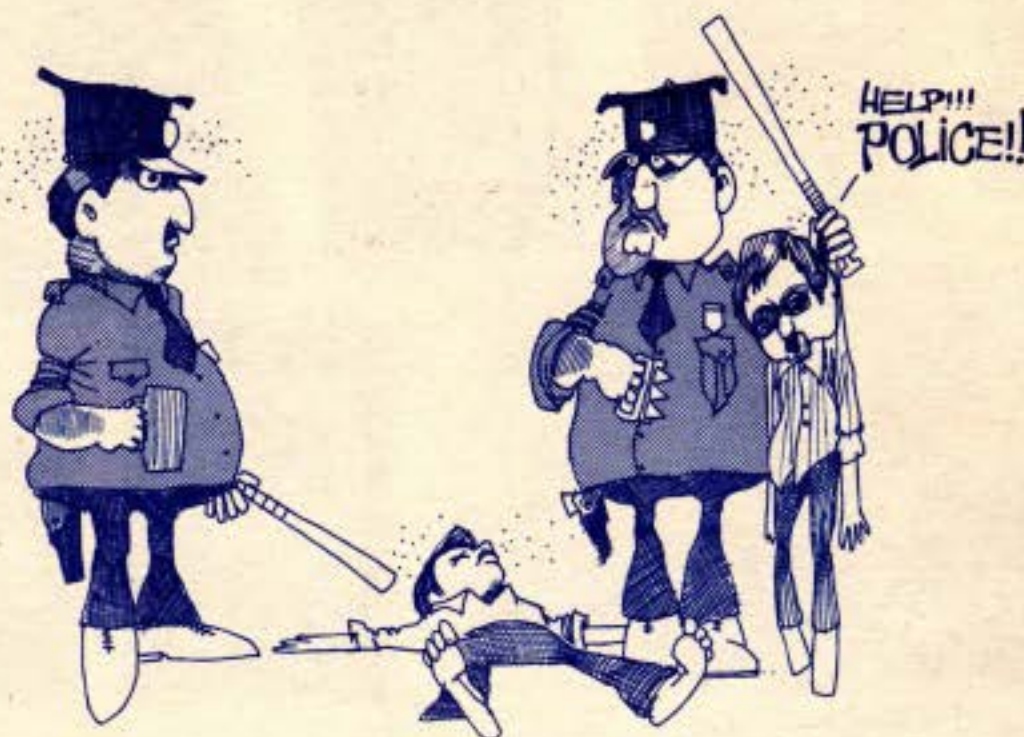
Montréal's police department is similar to other police departments in North America. Individual police everywhere are brutal, but in very few places is brutality condoned by city officials as the way it is in Montréal. Large scale public displays of brutality are the fault of the municipal government alone, and simply cannot be written off as the result of 'police inexperience' or 'panic.'

But a change of policy or government would not solve the deeper problem of individual acts of violence. This is something that the cold, impersonal society we live in is largely responsible for.

The public gets the kind of police department it deserves. If you are living in an anti-life society then you are going to be stuck with a police department that reflects, endorses and enforces fucked values.

ARSLIN ABOUT LOOKING #4

MEET 'LESSALAUDS'....



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POURING YOUR BEST BOURBON DOWN THE SINK

LIBERATION News Service
San Francisco April 15

ONE afternoon on the steps of the Hall of Justice a cop with a red ribbon in his hat and an iris in his lapel took out a joint and lit up.

"I wasn't there for grass, I was lying there for a bigger thing. We're trying to start a disarmament program with a ten cent piece of ribbon."

Sergeant Sunshine, "the pot-smoking cop," was sitting in his red underwear on a bare mattress discussing his pot bust. As friends wandered in and out he explained why he thinks cops shouldn't wear guns.



"They arrested my best friend and that pissed me off. I can smoke it and hide and my friends get busted."

So I figured to lay the whole thing out on the front steps of the Hall of Justice. But marijuana is only part of it. I'd like to stop some of this killing. There is no sense in killing something unless you can eat it. I like being a policeman. I'd still like to be one. But the police code of ethics says it is the fundamental duty of a policeman to serve

mankind. You don't serve people with guns. I've never seen one on a waiter yet."

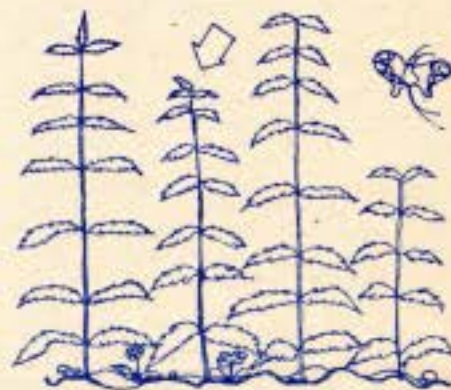
Sergeant Sunshine, known to the straight world as Sergeant Richard Bergess, spent twelve years on the San Francisco police force. Two years ago he kept some confiscated grass and tried it. He's been turning on regularly since. He explained that he liked most of the men he worked with on the force, but that most of them were up-tight and frightened in their dealings with the public.

"How come uniforms do such nasty things to people? I know and like 90% of the police officers. How is it that I see them as nice and you see them as pricks? We need a new image. I'm hoping that there will be some policemen out there who will listen to me and say 'Hey, maybe he's right.' If there are any other cops around that have the guts they should put a ribbon on their hats and a smile on their faces and put a gun in the trunk if they feel they really need it around. But don't wear it."

Bergess didn't want to talk about the use of drugs among other policemen. He said most of what he could say would be gossip and that none of it really mattered. He doesn't believe it does any good to stress the negative, as he puts it. "Course it's all true. We all know it's true, it's not news. But it's like sitting around talking about your operations. It doesn't accomplish anything"

The conversation ebbed as Sergeant Sunshine wrapped himself in a pink blanket and complained about the Fairmont, where he spent Sunday night after his release from jail. Boyd, the best friend whose initial arrest sparked the Easter incident, sat on a table in a bright flowered shirt and striped cords and rapped. Periodically, he would urge Bergess to go to sleep. Bergess looked like he was about to drop off any minute, but didn't want to sleep yet. He followed the conversation sporadically, commenting occasionally.

"I only have one more thing to say," Bergess interrupted Boyd at one point. "I'd like to encourage the cops to keep a little of the next stash they confiscate and try it. It really is great shit. Maybe they'll understand if you say it's like pouring your best bourbon down the sink."



April 6th FIASCO



WHO
LOST
WHOSE
BALLS?

As a demonstration, it was a farce!

The bus arrived from Montreal containing members of the Quebec Committee to End the War in Vietnam, supporters of the National Liberation Front, and members of the Movement for Socialist Liberation. Others came by car. At ten-thirty, as scheduled there was a rally outside the civic auditorium; demonstrators from Toronto for the most part, though some came from Manitoba and New Brunswick.

Nearly all of the invited speakers at the anti-war pep-rally bombarded the audience with those liberal-leftist clichés which most of us know by heart. There seemed to be little awareness of the futility of this verbal onslaught. A liberal belief in the effectiveness of public opinion was apparent with no understanding of its crucial limitations in this "democratic" society. Appeals to reason are appealing to profit from unreason.

At the back of the convention hall the rally was treated to speeches, slogans and last year placards.

It seems they (the Trotskyites, pacifists and demonstration marshalls) had an "agreement" with the officers of the law to maintain respectability and order. So the demonstration turned out to be a placard carrying ring-around-the-rosy to the marshalls' cry of "three abreast", and "keep moving there". Then came the first bust.

We passed a song and dance band laying on the Dixieland for Paul Hellyer. Somehow this synthetic political game of plastic babes, brass bands and flowing booze was in poor taste to celebrate the genocide perpetrated by Mr. Hellyer. A Montreal member of the M.S.L. was arrested for saying "Fuck Hellyer! That's obscene, you see. Children burned alive in Canadian napalm, the pillage of a nation, that's NOT TECHNICALLY obscene."

A few among the demonstrators were aware of the fiasco, but they were scattered. An N.L.F. banner served as a focal point. We decided to run up the steps and enter the convention hall. Five of us were met at the doors by twice that number of police. Repulsed and impotent we sat on the steps and urged others to obstruct. I had the megaphone and was singled out by a plain-clothes cop which resulted in blue hulks descending upon each arm. Only one other member there tried to help. We were busted together.

By this time the marshalls and Trotskyites had formed a human chain to obstruct their own militants. Two more arrests, one for another "Fuck Hellyer", were made, which brought the number of padded comrades to five.

The only highlight in this great denouement was a desperation sit-in near the paddy wagon. Most of the demonstrators were anxious to move off to the refreshments and ballyhoo pre-arranged at \$1.50 per head. They did. Of course the Ottawa police had no difficulty in "gently" removing the people sitting in front of the paddy wagon.

(Great demonstration-come-placate with your placard, even unto the blind eye of a liberal candidate.) This is no time to woo the conscience of the enemy in Ottawa. Non-violence, orderly demonstrations, petitions, appeals to the conscience of mankind and even civil disobedience have not stopped the machine. Tactics of a bygone age, if persisted in after their futility has been demonstrated, serve only the ego of the demonstrator and to frustrate the people who really want to act.

Meanwhile at the post-demonstration pep-shindig, they were raising our bail amidst sporadic self-congratulations of the news

making ruckus created by those they had denounced.

The lawyer provided for us (by the Ottawa Committee to End the War in Vietnam) advised us, in a "naughty Boys" tone, to plead guilty to the charge of disturbing the peace. We mentioned Canadian bombs and chemicals while we were on the subject of peace disturbance. He gave us the honeyed over "all in good time" treatment.

The demonstration was a farce, a manifestation of the milky liberalism rampant in Canadian socialist ranks. It is really quite annoying when compatriots turn into ideological cannibals.

From inside the paddy wagon I could see anxiousness and uncertainty. Potential radicalism; disorganized, unsure. Tongues sore from licking the Great Society's ass in vain.

For us inside, we had become aware of the truism that "in rebellion consciousness is born".

BY DAVID ORTON AND TIM GADBRAN



ALFA 842-2713
10 PINE E. PIZZA

FREE DELIVERY

On April 6th, a former director of Cite Libre, a once radical Quebec journal, Pierre Vallières was condemned to life imprisonment while another, Pierre Trudeau was chosen Prime Minister of Canada.

Judged and convicted on the basis of a tailor-made accusation half way through his trial, and on the basis of a few facts permitting the crown to attempt connecting the accused with the Legrenade incident, Pierre Vallières was guilty in the eyes of the established order from the moment he was arrested. The fact that the prosecutors for Her Majesty, the Queen of England, were never able to establish his guilt has in no way influenced his torturers, who are also the torturers of all of Quebec's people.

Found guilty of involuntary homicide following a trial for murder, Vallières should, in the eyes of the jury, implicitly have been treated with leniency by the judge for the simple reason that the verdict had been modified, a sentence for life imprisonment applying automatically in cases of simple murder, whereas involuntary homicide is usually punished by sentences ranging from three to five years. However, the judge refused to take into account this subtlety of the twelve men on whom rested the entire responsibility of determining the guilt of Pierre Vallières. On the pretext that he didn't congratulate the court for the absolutely political manner in which he allowed the trial to be conducted, he was given the maximum sentence by Judge Yves Leduc, who hadn't any shame in declaring: "...given your quarrelsome disposition, I gave no alternative but to give you the maximum prescribed by law..."

Louis Riel was condemned to death on August first, 1885, supposedly for the murder of Thomas Scott, and was shot to

death on March 4th, 1870, per order of a countryside war council. He too was the victim of an established order which decided upon his fate even before a jury of six men had pronounced him guilty, following a seven-day trial. This jury recommended leniency, as in the case of Vallières, but the court refused to take account of any expression of sympathy for the guilty party on behalf of the jurors. Taking the floor between the verdict and the sentence in order to vilify his judges and Canadian justice in general, as did Vallières himself, Riel intended to refute the insanity plea on which his lawyers had rested his defence before recapitulating his dream to "make of the West, for the oppressed nationalities of Europe, a refuge where the ancient opposition between Catholics and Protestants would be abolished. He evoked a number of facts that the government would have preferred be kept silent, notably the detail of its transactions with Macdonald and Cartier after the first uprising, provocations by the Mounted Police in 1885, the leaving of Manitoba first, then of the Northwest Territories without any real representation in Ottawa, and the promises made to the "Metis" which the government did not honor."

Concerning the Riel affair, and especially the manner in which the court treated him, Mason Wade concluded: "In the final analysis, the decision not to show Riel the same leniency received by the other prisoners convicted of rebellion rested upon political necessities". It seems obvious that we could arrive at similar conclusions in the case of Pierre Vallières.

Louis Riel was hung at Regina on the 16th of November, 1885. "On November 22nd, the largest popular assembly ever held in the province gathered at the Champs-de-Mars in Montreal where

Conservatives as well as Liberals expressed violent protest and adopted resolutions severely condemning the government. The day following Riel's execution, "La Presse" gave out the war cry: "From now on, there are no longer any Conservatives, Liberals or Beavers. There are only PATRIOTS and TRAITORS".

Closer to us in time is Régis Debray, condemned to 30 years of forced labor at Camiri, Bolivia, last November 16th. He too was judged by the authorities even before his trial began. Declared guilty of rebellion, murder, theft and injury, Debray has never participated in any rebellion, has never killed, nor stolen, nor inflicted wounds on a single person. If the Bolivian court martial which condemned him had an interest in doing so, it is that Debray had always declared moral solidarity with the actions of the Bolivian guerrillas. In a declaration he made before the war council, Debray affirmed, just like Vallières did during his trial between verdict and sentence, that: "My attitude ought not surprise you. Though I've said a hundred times that I regret not being guilty as the prosecuting gentleman would have wished it, that I regret not having died by Che's side, I give you no juridical right to condemn me, for in penal matters, facts and not intentions are condemned."

The conclusion of this statement to the court most curiously resembles Pierre Vallières' speech which, under the same circumstances, congratulated the court for having so well defended the interests of its class. Debray continued, "No, I will never ask pardon for a defeated man. I will never address you as conquerors. On the contrary, I will tell you that while it is true that I regret being innocent of all the charges brought against me, I am guilty before you for believing in the near



and final victory of Che; guilty of wanting to fulfill the irreversible commitment contracted by whomever has had the chance to see Che live, think and fight the commitment to remain faithful to him and to follow his example, in the measure of his capacities, up to the very end. I will do everything possible to one day deserve the unbounded honor you grant me in condemning me for what I have never done but which now, more than ever, I want to do. In all sincerity, and all my heart, I thank you in advance for the stiff sentence I await from you.

It seems evident that the established order among us has had to protect itself. It is evident that in condemning Vallières, the Quebecois patriot and revolutionary has been condemned. Can the court of Her Majesty silence as the early Manitoba and lately the Bolivian court has tried to do, the voice of revolution?

BY JACQUES LARUE-LANGLAIS

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LEVESQUE WATCHED....

A people in the process of decolonization can fall easy prey to pseudo-liberators. Messiahs rise calling everyone to join the great movement toward the Promised Land. Messiahs that play on the frustration, humiliation, ignorance, naivete, self-guilt and messianism of a colonized people, rise to lead the "people" to "liberation". Quebec has had its dose of pseudos. Papineau in the 1830's rose to call the people to liberation but ran to the U.S.A. when the people took up arms to achieve the goals set up by the liberation movement. In the 1930's Duplessis came to power in the name of freedom for the Quebecois. Today with another wave of liberation surging, what is Quebec going to have? Another Papineau, another Duplessis, another pseudo? Levesque has the respect of many thousands of Quebecois. In the 50's he spoke to the people over the air, he wrote in newspapers, about the true state of Quebec, the rotten economic situation, and supported strikes. As a minister in the Lesage cabinet he acted in the interests of the Quebec people. The nationalization of hydro-power was his project. He was a rebel, an active rebel inside the power machine. But the interests of the power machine are by definition at odds. Levesque had to leave the party. Thousands of Quebecois cheered. The rebel was throwing off his shackles, now the rebel would really go to the limit, the liberator was coming out of the shadows. On November 18-19, the MSA was founded. Levesque assured the 300 odd participants that this would be a truly democratic party, with open books and genuine participation in decision-making by all those ready to work for the independence of Quebec. Euphoria reigned. There was the movement that would do it, here was the lib-

eration movement. Members recruited other members by just communicating their enthusiasm and promising that the National Committee would soon be sending working papers to prepare a tentative program for the April Congress. But the working papers never came. Members arrived at the "Assises" with no preparation whatsoever. And then the railroading began. It seems a few people were uneasy a few days before. The members of Westmount, D'Arcy-McGee and NDG ridings arrived with a resolution asking that there be no voting of a program that members had only a few hours to examine. That motion was defeated. The 1000-odd participants were divided into four workshops, political, economic, social and cultural to study 3000-word programme drafts, amend them and adopt them in exactly 3½ hours. And the majority accepted to do it. Then, back into a plenary session where most of the amendments put together in a hurry in the workshops were for the most part rejected by people who of course hadn't even read the working papers on the subject simply because they had been busy in another workshop. In fact the programme engineered by Levesque and his ex-liberal friends was rubber-stamped by an enthusiastic crowd and this was called consulting the people. By Sunday afternoon when the time came to discuss the organization structure of the movement and elect a new National Committee, the crowd accepted in bloc the proposed structure that gave wide discretionary powers to the Committee and even eliminated the elections by simply voting a new mandate to the existing Committee. Protests against such railroading were not even listened to. The majority wanted to leave the place with the assurance a party would be founded in six months and that independence would come about as soon as possible.



Obviously, this movement is not a democratic one. In fact it is shaping up like the newest of the old parties, with the governing clique, "political organizers" and a patched-up botched up programme to get votes from any eligible voter, from the owner of Dupuis Freres to the unemployed rotting in the slums of St-Henri. There is cheese for everyone. In a liberal democracy when there is cheese for everyone in a political programme, this means there will be cheese only for those in power.

If Levesque is happy with the way things are going and sincerely thinks things are going fine, he will be another Papineau. And the U.S.A., "our friend to the South" as he says, will be his refuge. Let us hope he is not happy and that there will be enough Quebecois conscious enough not to let him be happy.

H.B.



GUERRILLA THEATRE

The Life Style that Won't Quit

by R. G. Davis (Avatar, LNS)

The social assumptions which one accepts will determine the type of theatre one creates; street theatre, park theatre, worker's theatre, or warmed-over bathroom theatre. Theatrical discussions must include the sociopolitical attitudes of the performers in order to comprehend why some believe theatre a tool of change and others "love the theaataah."

It is of course entertaining to read quasi-revolutionary statements and scurrilous attacks on the theatre and society for a readership that is outside the mainstream of action, however we shall continue in hopes that words on paper may communicate thoughts that will lead to action.

My own theatrical premise: WESTERN SOCIETY IS ROTTEN IN GENERAL, CAPITALIST SOCIETY IN THE MAIN, AND U.S. SOCIETY IN THE PARTICULAR.

The basis of the disease is private property; it puts the value on all things in terms of money and possessions and splits man's personality into fragmented specialties, thus making him useless on the dance floor yet well-equipped to run an IBM 1324. The idea of community so necessary to a healthy individual is hemmed in by the picket fences surrounding each patch of wealth and the concept of total man has been sutured by idiotic efficient specialization. (This is a sim-

plification of the condition; for further information read: Marx, Freud, Norman O. Brown, H. Marcuse, Régis Debray, Che Guevara, Sun Tzu, Mao Tse-tung, Thorstein Veblen, Carl Oglesby, Gary Snyder, etc.)

For the theatre that wishes to change the above and to present alternatives, the problem is in many parts:

PERSONNEL	PROGRAM
PLACE	PUBLIC

The personnel (actors, directors, tech, etc.) must come from the class they want to change. If you are middle class dropouts, you then play for middle class dropouts, workers for working class, Mexican-Americans for Mexican-Americans, etc. Social work theatre is out; play for your own kind--you understand them, and they identify with you.

The program depends upon the ingenuity of the group. It may be rock and roll music or street puppets, but whatever the style of theatre, the content has to be as a result of the experience of the personnel. To make this more clear: We asked ourselves in the Mime Troupe how we could STOP the war--we then did a satire on our own anti-war Pacifism (L'Amant Militaire by John Holden and others).

The place you do it in indicates your style/your feelings/your attitudes... Régis Debray: "The revolutionary in the mountains is different than the talking revolutionary in the city."

Or McLuhan: "Media is part of the message.... Location is the platform or the sponge for your program."

The public is made up of all those who think they see you in them and all those whom you know:

friends, aficionados, tourists, and sometimes peers.

It's all very simple on paper, but the making and the proper use of materials depends upon your own analysis of the needs and possibilities in your own location. To present Commedia dell'Arte in the middle of Canada may only be a historical exploration. But whatever the presentation, it must engage the common issues, it must become essential to the very existence of the community (i.e. it feeds off and feeds into the community) and it must become a significant moral force.

Success in terms of money, commercial fame, fancy magazine spreads and foundation grants from state, federal or local sources is usually out unless you live in the advanced neo-socialist countries where criticism of prevailing conditions is in order. Viz: Jean-Louis Barrault with The Screens (National Assembly almost stopped it) or Kenneth Tynan and Laurence Olivier with Churchill by R. Hochuth (censored by the Public Censor). In those less than advanced government subsidized countries, the theatre as a moral force will, as does the single artist, have to live by its wits. To live by your wits is not to imitate the hustler, who is a low-class capitalist, but rather the Latin American guerrilla, who is a low-class socialist.

The object is to work at a presentation that talks to a community of people and that expresses what you (as a community) all know but what no one is saying: thoughts, images, observation and discoveries that are not printed in newspapers nor

made into movies: truth that may be shocking and honesty that is vulgar to the aesthete.

*Prepare to go out of business at any moment

*Prepare to give up your house, your theatre or your troupe, and even your ideas if something more essential comes along

*Travel light and keep in shape

*IDEAS LIKE PROPERTY CANNOT BE PRIVATE

*Nothing is sacred -- only sometimes tenderness.

That is the prescription for a theatre company that is meaningful. Like a life that is valuable, you must begin by dropping out, getting away, leaving behind, dumping, junking the waste of dishonorable middle class institutions, groups, ideas, and debris of years of decay. (They are cynical, bored and depressed anyway.)

The first step may be dramatic: to walk away or drop out from middle class America (middle class America is all over the world). Yet the act of creating a life style that replaces most, if not all, middle class capitalistic assumptions with a life style that won't quit, is a full-time job of a full-time guerrilla.

Which of course is the only way to live.



coy cooker



I have spent a long time pondering on how to prepare a palatable and useful cooking column for LOGOS word-eaters and establishment chewers. Having failed at digging up any pertinent long-standing, pre-tested grandmother Betty Crocker recipe for syndicated, successful food articles, I've decided to throw together some experiences, observations and remembrances, a method analogous to the way I cook.

Hopefully, this will be the only article in which there will be a discussion of the philosophy of eating. I suppose I am pretty simplistic in my views on food, especially in light of such great and conflicting theories as Ohasawa's microbiotic diet, Jarvis' honey and apple cider vinegar panacea, Kordel's pro-protein proposition, etc. It seems to me that the best and most natural guide as to what one should eat is the desires of the individual, unique body at a given time. Absolute systems and general truths aren't particularly appealing to me, whether they be religious, political or gastronomical.

All the theories and philosophies contending that meat is inhuman or subhuman matter for consumption and nutrition mean little to me as long as homosapiens are physically equipped to

be omnivorous. I find hardly any significance in religious dogma insisting that meat is dead but a stalk of wheat removed from the earth is not; that an animal is more important in the cosmic order than a blade of rice. These arguments are valid to me only in a psychological sense. In personal experience, repulsion at the thought of eating meat seems to be related to a decided inability to accept death and the continuous chain of cosmic changes.

For me, being unable to accept the fact that, in the course of nature, one animal must die in order to nurture another is equal to being unable to accept the reality that each man must die and, in turn, nurture other lives - those of worms, insects, the earth, etc. But these are only my own views in brief. I do not necessarily find the beliefs of others as applicable to my own life, but I do respect and consider them as I can. This column will therefore always offer two recipes, one for the herbivorous, one for the carnivorous, and both or either for the omnivorous.

I hope that the bits of information offered in this column as to the purchase and preparation of good and inexpensive food will help everybody interested in getting around establishment overpricing and misrepresentation of edibles as much as possible. Any suggestions and facts will be greatly welcomed.

I've pretty much exhausted this typing page and my mental cupboard as well so, now that the bones have been picked, I'll get to the soup.

VEGETABLE SOUP (OR BEEF STEW)
(the stores after each item is where it is cheapest around St. Laurent.)

Several medium washed, unpeeled potatoes (1 or 2 per person) (K & M MARKET), 1 yellow turnip - about 2 lbs., peeled and cut into squares (WARSHAW), several whole, peeled onions (as you like) (NEW WAY FRUIT MARKET) 1 20 oz. can tomato juice (tomatoes can be used but are more expensive) (WARSHAW), about four carrots - cut crosswise into 3 or 4 pieces (WARSHAW), about 1 lb. inexpensive meat (there are many cheaper than stewing beef) - cut into 1" cubes.

Put ingredients in a large pot. Add enough water to cover. Salt and pepper to taste. Cover.

Simmer a couple of hours until potatoes are soft. To make as beef stew, brown meat in a frying pan, preferably with its own fat (just enough to slightly cover bottom of pan). Drain meat and add to vegetables. If thick stew is desired, add a water and flour paste mixture just before serving, turning heat up while doing so.

linda coy



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ner. He got up as I entered. He was shorter and more frail than he had imagined. He spoke in a falsetto "I hit him on the head," when I just told him about my fight with the man and woman together.

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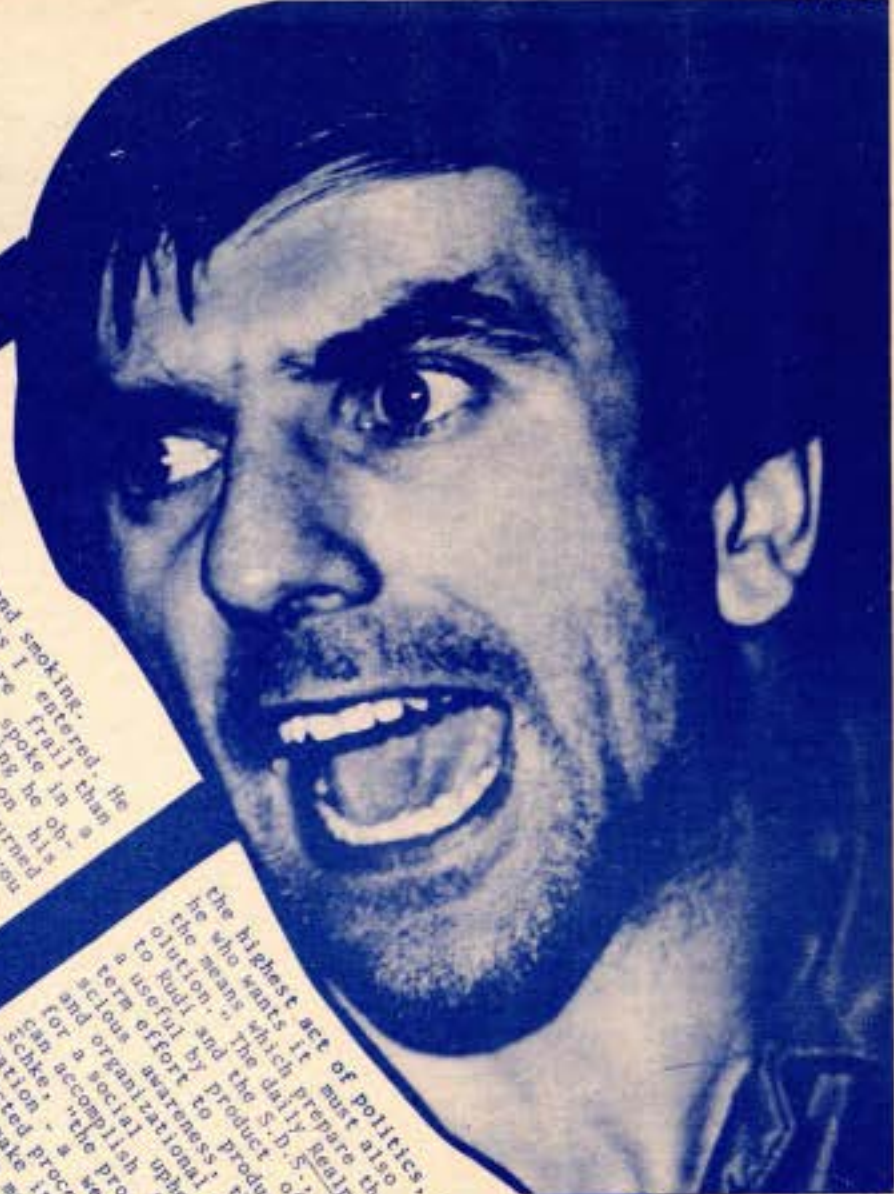
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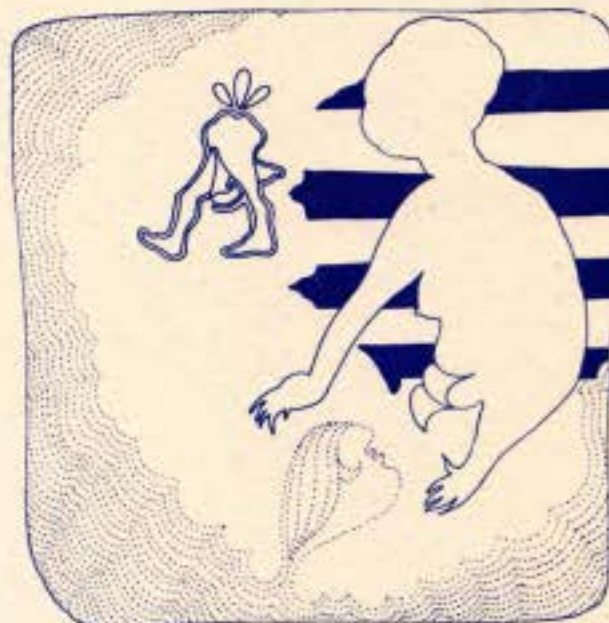
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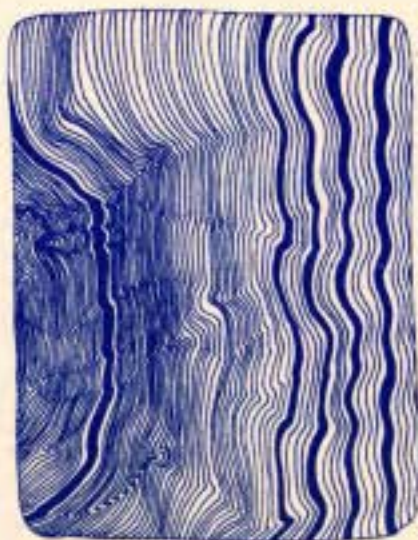
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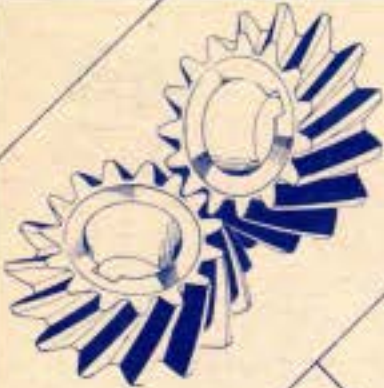
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